

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1928

NUMBER 709

Contents

The Week.....	157
Editorials	
The Price of Al Smith's Nomination.....	159
A Plank on Agriculture.....	161
An Inside View of the Power Trust.....	163
General Articles	
Hearst.....	Bruce Bliven 165
The Re-Discovery of America—XV.....	Waldo Frank 167
The Nonstop Stoppers.....	Felix Ray 170
The Executioner-Impresario.....	Frederic Nelson 171
Washington Notes.....	T. R. B. 172
Scrap-Books.....	Stark Young 173
Premature Obituaries.....	T. S. Matthews 175
Correspondence	176
Reviews of Books	
Bernard Shaw's Case for Equality..	Lewis Mumford 177
The Caged Osprey.....	Malcolm Cowley 179
The Dragons.....	Llewelyn Powys 179
Five Woman Poets.....	Marcia Nardi 180

The Week

SECRETARY Kellogg has issued a new text for his draft treaty outlawing war, and has submitted it to fourteen nations instead of the original five. The additions are the British Dominions and India, which were included at a hint from London, and the Locarno powers, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Poland, which were put on the list in order to answer one of the French criticisms of the original draft. These are almost the only concessions made by the United States as a result of the objections raised by the powers to the original proposal. Sir Austen Chamberlain's reservation regarding Egypt and India is ignored. The six French reservations are again waved aside as being unnecessary, though the preamble is modified in one important particular to suit France. It now reads that "any signatory power which shall hereafter seek to promote its national interests by resort to war should be denied the benefits furnished by this treaty." This leaves the way open for the application of League sanctions against an aggressor; and permits a country to go to war against any other which attacks it, or, in other words, to indulge in that war

of self-defense which Mr. Kellogg feels cannot be defined and therefore should not be the subject of a special and specific provision. He reiterates his explanations already made to France: the treaty is not in conflict with the League covenant, and any danger of collision between it and the Locarno or neutrality treaties can be avoided by having all the interested powers become original signatories of the new compact.

THE question is now put squarely up to France. Heretofore, the progress of the debate has consisted of a series of moral victories for Mr. Kellogg at her expense. Will she add one more, and accept his assurance that her six reservations are now needless? We think the chances are excellent that she will. The British seem to feel that Sir Austen went somewhat too far in support of the French view in his reply to Mr. Kellogg, and are understood to be ready to sign without more ado. Germany was willing to adopt even the earlier and more drastic text. The Dominions, in this case, will follow Downing Street. Italy and Japan are prepared to accept whatever satisfies France. It is now universally recognized that the Kellogg proposal is a thin rope of good will, which will break as soon as any undue strain is put upon it. In the meantime, however, it may serve a useful purpose and particularly because to some extent it will bind the United States, which has stood aloof since 1919. The French are realists; but they are wise enough to know there are times when the shrewdest realism is to shut one's eyes and agree to an idealistic expression of moral enthusiasm, even though head cannot echo the sentiments of the heart.

THE French Socialists are perfectly sound in criticizing the stabilization of the franc at 3.91 as an official robbery of the small bond-holder for the benefit of big business. Necessary as stabilization is, it involves taking from the owner of pre-war government bonds four-fifths of the value of his property; this is done in order not to place a heavier tax burden upon incomes and profits for the maintenance of higher value of the franc. There is no question of the injustice of such a pro-

cedure; the tragedy is that it seems to be inevitable, since more onerous taxation probably would not produce a much higher yield. A capital levy would be more fair in theory, but experience seems to show that it probably would not work; capital would escape it. Owners of pre-war industrial bonds, too, are suffering from the deflation. And now, to add injury to injury, many of the French business concerns are talking of enlarging their capital structure by stock dividends and the like. They are "under-capitalized"—having escaped a large part of their bonded indebtedness, their profits have increased. Thus they will proceed to pass over to the stockholders what the bond-holders have lost. Under a capitalist system, a costly war is bound to be paid for in the end chiefly by those whose incomes in normal times fluctuate least with business profits.

THE papers are carrying despatches to the effect that the European steel cartel, soon to meet in Duesseldorf, is worried about a projected export agreement among the large American steel producers. They are afraid of American competition in the world markets. They suspect, too, that the British steel makers, having failed to join their cartel, will play with the Americans. If all this is true, and American steel mills do become formidable competitors of the Europeans in foreign markets, an interesting economic question arises. How can the American makers, who pretend to need, and receive, stiff tariff protection to hold the American market at the "high wages" they pay, compete successfully overseas with the Europeans, who employ "cheap foreign labor"? German and French heavy industry are certainly not far behind ours in efficiency. One of two answers must be made. Either the American steel industry does not need protection, and could continue to pay present wages and hold the American market if the tariff were removed, or else it is capable of "dumping" abroad—that is, selling its surplus products at cost or less in foreign countries, and charging up the loss to American consumers by monopoly control of the domestic market. Either answer is highly damaging to Republican pretensions. In the first case, the tariff argument is exploded; in the second, the administration is allowing big business to do what it looks upon with indignation when proposed by the farmers.

THE Democratic opponents of prohibition have emphasized the unfortunate tendency of the Eighteenth Amendment to upset the balance between state and federal functions, as it was contained in the Constitution, but in their suggested revision of the Volstead Act they have never proposed the obvious modification of the law which this criticism, in so far as it is true, would justify. If the Constitution forbids the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, it is obviously the busi-

ness of the federal government to prevent the importation of the prohibited liquids and their circulation through interstate commerce. It is the business of the states, on the other hand, to prevent their manufacture and sale. If certain states neglect obedience to the federal law, it then becomes a question of political expediency how far the federal government should force them to obey or what means it should employ to that end. It might, for instance, penalize the insubordinate states by depriving them of federal aid in road-building and the like. But after the experience of the past eight years it might well shrink from trying to enforce the law within the jurisdiction of a state except with the consent of the state authorities. It is interesting in this connection that a delegate at large from New Jersey, Mr. Whitney, tried to have a plank to the following effect considered by the Resolutions Committee of the Republican convention:

The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the Volstead Act have placed upon the federal government a duty of enforcement which it has not and cannot perform effectively. The effort to do so has given rise to difficulties and evils with which the country has become increasingly familiar. We therefore, in the interest of obedience to the law, advocate that the duty of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment be lodged primarily with the several states and that the obligations of the federal government in regard thereto be confined to interstate and foreign commerce, and to the enforcement under the concurrent power given to Congress of such measures as it may adopt, which conform with the laws of the several states designed to make that Amendment effective.

This proposed plank attracted no attention and received no consideration, but is the way out of the muddle which is most possible and reasonable. Eventually it will be seriously discussed.

THREE forms of autocracy appear to have united in Maine to crush the progressive elements within that state. At the recent primary election within the Republican party—the important contest, since the Maine Democrats have become almost negligible in strength—the power interests, the Republican machine and the Catholic hierarchy united to defeat Governor Ralph O. Brewster, who was seeking to displace Senator Frederick Hale in the Senate. Brewster has been the target of the power interests, dominated by Samuel Insull of Chicago, since he vetoed the Smith-Wyman bill to export power and sell it in Massachusetts at a rate very much lower than it is made available to the people in Maine. He is hated by the machine because of his independence, and especially since he voiced his objection to the excessive use of money in the Maine primary campaign. The opposition of the hierarchy dates back four years, when Brewster advocated an amendment to the Maine constitution debarring all sectarian schools—Protestant and Catholic alike—from the use of state funds.

ON the day before the primary, a letter written by the Bishop of Portland, the Right Rev. John Gregory Murray, severely criticizing Governor Brewster, was read by the officiating priest in every Catholic church in Maine. The criticism made no reference to the school issue, but found fault with the Governor for his failure to appropriate more than \$12,000 for the rebuilding of a Catholic Mission for the Passamaquoddy Indians, destroyed by fire sixteen months previously, instead of the \$20,000 asked. While the Bishop asserted that there was no political significance inherent in this letter, the fact that it was issued on the day before the primary, although the vote of the Governor and the Council on the matter had been taken nine months previously, September 30, 1927, and the fact that the Governor was singled out for special censure, left little question of the animus behind the attempt. At any rate, it was generally so understood in Maine. Likewise the Democratic wards in the cities turned out an unprecedented vote in favor of Senator Hale.

THE economist of the Chase National Bank, Mr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., again returns to his favorite theme of attributing most of our recent "prosperity" to expansion of bank credit. This time his attention is turned to the rapid growth of savings and time deposits. Much of this growth, he maintains, is not due to real savings at all, but is merely an indirect result of credit expansion. Of course he cannot mean that people borrow money from banks at one rate of interest, only to deposit it again for long periods at another. Such transactions could not be profitable for one of the two parties. But he thinks that the easy credit has led to the paying off of old obligations, which in turn has brought investment money into the time deposits of banks as well as into the speculative markets. This money, he says, is "temporarily idle"—awaiting new investment use. The increase in the time deposits of reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve System in the seven years preceding April 25, 1928, was 135 percent, against an increase of but 34 percent in demand deposits. The greater part of this increase has occurred in the big cities; much of it is due to idle corporate funds. If all this is true, the question remains: why cannot productive industry use the enormous amount of credit-capital available? Why has not consumption and production correspondingly increased? What is inhibiting the effective demands of the great bulk of the consumers? There must be some serious disorganization at the heart of economic affairs.

THE national board of the D. A. R. has taken the expected action and dismissed from its membership Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie of Cambridge, Mass., who a few months ago raised a storm by protesting the circulation of a blacklist of liberal speakers. Mrs. Bailie will carry her case to the

next Continental Congress of the organization in 1929, but there is every likelihood that the action of the national board will be sustained. The national president, Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, continues to insist that the D. A. R. did not circulate a blacklist, but this is a mere quibble. There is indisputable proof that such lists were distributed in several states, and whether they were technically described as "blacklists" is a point of no importance. The D. A. R. has now become officially an organization of female Fascisti; it is a pity it does not have the courage of its convictions. It remains to be seen whether enough of its members are neither convinced adherents of this policy nor sheep-like followers of the political machine in control of the organization, to reestablish it in the minds of those who retain American ideals of fair play.

The Price of Al Smith's Nomination

SINCE it became practically certain that the opposition to Governor Smith would be unable to prevent his nomination as the Democratic candidate for President, it has been easy to guess what the final tactics of his enemies would be. In order to clinch the nomination he needed the votes in the convention of certain Southern states which are, for political purposes, thoroughly dry. His opponents proposed, consequently, to exploit this condition of ultimate success either to defeat him or to compromise morally his subsequent campaign for election. They could force him as a notorious wet to square himself with his party on prohibition. If he should insist on a platform as inimical to the Volstead Act as that of the last Democratic state convention in New York, the dry wing of the party might refuse to nominate him. If he compromised and agreed to associate his candidacy with an equivocal or evasive statement of the issue, he would weaken himself as the leader of that urban population in the East which is aggressively opposed to prohibition. They have calculated correctly that they were strong enough to force a compromise on him. For the last few weeks his enemies have practically conceded his nomination, but they have been all the more resolute to prevent his victory from being confused with a victory for anti-Volsteadism. They propose to neutralize that issue by continuing to exclude it from the arena of national political controversy.

These words are being written without any advance knowledge of the wording of the prohibition plank in the Democratic platform, but it does not take an inspired prophet to predict what its wording will mean. It will be written in part for the purpose of preventing the issue from becoming a matter of party controversy and in part to maintain the existing hypocrisy about law enforcement. It will, in short, duplicate substantially the plank in the

Republican platform, and subsequently the Democratic candidate, no matter how candid he may be about his personal opinions, will have to accept this neutralization of the issue. Inasmuch as Al Smith, if he is to be elected, must obtain the votes of many states in the South and some in the West which are overwhelmingly dry, he must plant primroses along the road which will lead dry Democrats conscientiously to vote for him. He will not be obliged to solicit votes by repudiating or disguising his personal convictions. He will not have to pretend to a belief in the possibility of enforcing the law by means of the existing machinery within the jurisdiction of those states whose inhabitants by a clear majority are opposed to its rigors. But as a possible President, he cannot announce that he will neglect or refuse to enforce it. Nor can he advocate the increase in federal administrative authority which might be capable of enforcing it. He can only follow the shabby example of the Republicans and declare that he will enforce it to the best of his admittedly poor ability. For all practical purposes he will in this respect have embarked in the same boat and sailed for the same port as Coolidge.

In conceding the neutralization of the prohibition issue, Governor Smith is sustained by certain of his most loyal and intelligent political associates. The members of the Women's Democratic Union, for instance, which includes many able and public-spirited women, have encouraged him to forget it. They have proposed to the Democratic convention a prohibition plank which amounts to a rationalization of this way out. Its object is to enable both wets and dries conscientiously to vote for Governor Smith. Prohibition, they assert, in effect, is a non-political subject which is to be talked about but not to be voted on. They conclude with a statement which is a complete exposure of the tortuous attitude which intelligent Americans with political objects to serve are obliged to assume upon questions which cannot be agitated without endangering party unity. "Recognizing," they declare, "that the problem of stricter enforcement or modification or repeal of the Volstead Act engages the attention of the electorate beyond any other public matter and admitting the diversity of opinion within the Democratic ranks, the Democratic party should call upon all nominees declaring themselves in favor of enforcement, to define clearly what steps are practicable and possible to that end, and those declaring themselves in favor of modification or repeal, similarly to define clearly what steps are practicable and possible to that end."

The foregoing formula is probably as honest as any statement which the friends of Governor Smith could utter for the sake of smothering the issue with the least possible loss and the most possible gain to their candidate. We do not quarrel with them for refusing to advocate an aggressive anti-Volstead proclamation which would tend either to prevent his nomination or to foment the dissensions within

his party, but when an unusually intelligent and high-minded group of women assumes an attitude of irresponsibility on a question of such importance, they provide a sadly convincing explanation of the sterility of American party politics, of the growing disinclination of ordinary American citizens to vote, and of the unfortunate tendency for Americans of intelligence and character to avoid political careers. Prohibition is an issue which, according to the Union of Democratic Women, is more interesting at present than any other to the American people. These women favor the nomination and election of a candidate who has consistently represented in politics a definite attitude toward that issue and whose popularity in the large cities is partly explained by this fact. But his nomination and election would be compromised by insisting on his opposition to Volsteadism and, consequently, those of his friends who are supposed to speak for moral standards in politics call upon him, not, indeed, to betray his convictions in so many words, but to renounce any effort to give effect to them by political means. The late President Wilson once declared to a group of women that he could not speak for his party on the question of votes for women, whereupon one of them asked him whether in that case he could not speak to it. Governor Smith's women supporters are relieving him of any corresponding pressure to agitate about prohibition.

The Women's Democratic Union has, to be sure, proposed to do away with one popular pretext for equivocation with respect to prohibition by calling on the nominees of both parties either to define what they mean by enforcement or how they would modify the existing law if they could. If this advice were followed, the two major candidates might be compelled at least to discuss prohibition as an open question and to clear up ambiguities about their individual convictions about this matter. But parties which really wish to neutralize the issue will not allow such discussion to continue, and even if they did, Governor Smith, in the event of his election to the presidency on the suggested platform, would be estopped from pressing his personal opinions on the Democrats in Congress. The improved administration of the prohibition law is contingent on legislation; and if its agitation as an issue is to be excluded from party political controversy, no legislation is possible until the politicians of both parties are again forced, as the Anti-Saloon League forced them during the War, to combine for the purpose of trying to get rid of a nuisance.

The nomination of Al Smith will, consequently, fail to change the *status quo* with respect to prohibition. The platform cannot encourage dry Democrats to vote for him without implicitly promising that he will refrain from using his power as President to injure the cause in which they believe. The course and logic of his pre-convention campaign have converged upon this negative conclusion. He is being nominated, not as a candidate who was

eager to inform the voters about the way in which he would exercise the coveted leadership, but as a candidate who, even if he left the voters entirely in the dark, still had a better chance than any other Democrat of being elected. The Democrats who have tacitly suppressed their own attitudes toward controverted questions in order to aid in his nomination can reasonably ask him, after he is nominated and by way of being elected, to make an analogous sacrifice for them. How far he can live up to the implicit bargain remains to be seen. If he lived up to it literally, he would soon wreck his administration. But how can a man make a success as a leader when he has won his chance of occupying the office, which more than any other office in the governments of the world offers its incumbent the possibility of leadership, by refusing to play the part?

It is rumored that Al Smith, as Democratic candidate for President, will appeal for support by emphasizing his difference from the Republicans on domestic economic issues and upon foreign policy in Spanish America. We hope that this rumor proves to be true. The policy of the Coolidge administration in these matters needs to be challenged, and unless the Democrats are to become the frank accomplices of plutocratic Republican rule, it is time that some Democrat undertook the job. But much as the New Republic would like to see economic issues and foreign policy dominate the present campaign and future political controversy in the United States, we doubt whether they will seriously engage popular attention until after the prohibition quarrel is really fought out. The American people are almost morbidly interested in the agitation to revise the Volstead Act or to prevent its revision. Millions of them are systematically and notoriously disobeying the law, and their disobedience, while prompted, of course, by a craving for the exhilaration which comes from drinking alcohol, is in effect a peculiarly deadly method of discrediting prohibition and of conducting a political agitation against it. But the politicians, in the interest of partisan unity, will not permit this essentially political agitation to break out into party controversy, and the result is to deprive party contests of any claim on vivid popular attention. The ordinary American, floundering as he is in the prohibition net, cannot take the processes of government seriously and cannot attach much reality to them. His mind is distracted by the omnipresent but ever illusive red herring of prohibition. It falsifies his relation to the political organization of his country and introduces an element of demoralization into all the processes of politics. We very much fear, consequently, that Al Smith, by virtue of having renounced his leadership of the anti-prohibition agitation, will have renounced the possibility of effective leadership in relation to economic questions. He will have paralyzed his own ability to deliver the American people from their demoralizing addiction to political indifference and irresponsibility.

A Plank on Agriculture

ONE of the chances the Democrats have to take advantage of dissatisfaction with the Republican party is to go the whole length on farm relief in the platform. One reason why it is important to do this at Houston is that this particular issue will be settled then. The disaffected farm group may be persuaded to commit itself at that time and in that place. If it should return to the Republican fold disappointed, the Democratic chance to turn a strategic percentage of western electoral votes is irrevocably lost and could never be regained. Many issues will be settled later in the campaign; this one will be given its most important twist at the convention.

Nothing can be lost by courage; everything can be gained by it. And since this issue is, in any case, one of the vital ones, the bravery may as well be exhibited first as last. Trying to temporize a little better than the Republicans will be obvious political tactics, without sincerity or real appeal. The declaration ought to come down to cases and talk language the farmers can understand. Without any thought of influencing the policy of the Democrats—for one reason, because this issue does not appear until after the platform is adopted at Houston—but as a good means of presenting a specific program, we have drafted the following plank:

Agriculture in the United States suffers from numerous disabilities, many or all of which can at least be relieved by legislation. This the Republican administration has consistently refused to do; it has not only failed to offer any plan for agricultural betterment, but has persisted in discriminations against the farmers and has rejected with open hostility all plans put forward in good faith by farmers' organizations themselves.

The most conspicuous discriminations could not be removed because they form an integral part of the Republican policy of favoring the rich and powerful as against the poor and weak. These discriminations might be enumerated as follows:

THE TARIFF

Some farmers benefit directly from the tariff on the goods they produce, but the vast majority of farmers cannot benefit from any tariff, however high, because they produce goods which depend upon a world-wide sale, and which suffer from surpluses on a world market. The value of these crops—including wheat, corn and cotton—greatly exceeds the value of the agricultural products which may enjoy protection. Meanwhile, all farmers suffer from the high prices of many protected goods which they have to buy.

The Tariff Commission has been subjected to executive pressure. Its provisions for flexibility have operated in one direction only—to enforce the Republican policy of high tariffs. Its recommenda-

tions for lower schedules have been disregarded. Farmers, more than any other group, have suffered from this discrimination. To restore the Tariff Commission as an honest, scientific agency of administration, as it was created and intended by the Democrats, is necessary before any tariff policy can be carried out without fear or favor. What policy is to be carried out should be determined by Congress.

It is the duty of Congress to shape the tariff policy in accordance with national needs. The tariff should be shaped, not only to give such protection as is needed by those farmers who are in a position to benefit from it, but also to give relief to all the farmers by reducing the unduly high costs of many of the essentials which they buy.

CREDITS

Discrimination against farmer interests has been equally flagrant in the management of credits. What relief farmers have had, has been, again, mostly through Democratic measures. The Federal Farm Loan Act was passed in July of 1916, and if it has not served to assure sufficient mortgage credit to farmers, that is because of Republican management. The Federal Reserve System has been consistently managed, especially during the crisis of 1920-21, to throw disproportionate burdens on agriculture. The Agricultural Credits Act of 1922 has not served to meet the legitimate demands. The need of farmers for credits which shall be similar to those at the disposal of other businesses is recognized; the Democratic party is prepared so to manage the Farm Loan Board, the Intermediate Credits system and the Federal Reserve Board that farmers shall have equal access to credit funds with other interests. This applies not only to credits based on mortgage security, but also upon the prospects of production such as are customary in the commercial world. Credits should be limited only at the point where overproduction threatens to injure the farmers.

TRANSPORTATION RATES

There is evidence also that freight rates for agricultural goods bear more than their share of the costs of transportation. Such a revision of the rate structure should be made as will serve to disestablish this privilege of industry as against farming.

TAXATION

The disproportionate share of the nation's tax burden borne by farmers is well known. Unfortunately most of this burden is local and not subject to relief by federal legislation. But much of it can be removed by extensions of federal aid for such public improvements as roads and schools, matters not of local but of general concern and properly chargeable to the federal treasury. The

tendency has been to establish a false federal economy and to inveigh against localities for increasing their tax bills. But we need more rather than less improvements, and they ought to be paid for by the more fortunate sharers in the national surplus, through the graduated income tax.

THE AGRICULTURAL SURPLUS

But the Democratic party offers relief not only from these unjustified discriminations imposed by Republican policy; it also looks forward to a constructive and scientific attack upon the problem of the surpluses which has so sedulously been avoided by the present administration. In spite of the fact of universal recognition that this is and has been, since the terrible depression days of 1920-21, the heart of the problem of farm distress, the Republicans have offered everything except a genuine meeting of this central difficulty. The McNary-Haugen legislation of successive years would, we believe, have had an excellent chance of doing much toward solution. We believe, however, that a better and simpler plan could be devised. In effect it would attack the surplus problem in a direct way and with a recognition that the problem is one of peculiar emergency. A federal Farm Authority would be set up, charged with the duty of determining approximately the amounts of various products which, in view of the nation's needs and normal exports, ought to be produced. The single greatest defect of the McNary-Haugen legislation was uncertainty on this point, though the last bill seemed rather indefinitely to contemplate limitation of output. We recognize that farmers suffer from unduly low prices caused by consistent overproduction of many staples. We should use all possible scientific devices for determining this danger point and attempt to limit production to that amount: first, by attempting voluntary limitation by the farmers themselves and, if that proved impossible for them, by using railroads and warehouses, already public utilities and subject to federal regulation, for the limitation of interstate shipments to an amount calculated to meet the nation's needs, but not to ruin the farmers themselves.

This is to be recognized as an emergency measure to serve in lieu of organizations which may in time be built up by the farmers themselves, to serve the same purpose. The dependence of the McNary-Haugen legislation upon a great coöperative structure which has yet to come into being might cause it to operate successfully or might cause it to fail because of a lack of this voluntary system of organizations. They will, we believe, grow in time, and will then be able to carry the burdens which we are disposed, until that time, to recognize as a federal responsibility.

The Supreme Court has, of late years, been persuaded to approve the constitutionality of a number of laws because, as they said, there existed a "controlling emergency." We believe that one exists

here and ought to be met by emergency measures. If, however, the Supreme Court should view legislation of the sort we propose for farmers as unconstitutional, we should fall back upon limitation of the surplus, as best that could be accomplished, through voluntary coöperation of the farmers. The Democratic administration would, however, supply them with scientific aid and with financial support, as the Republicans now support the mercantile marine. We look with the greatest sympathy upon the distress of the farmers, made ten-fold worse by the fatal persistence of Republican policy, and we are determined to do all that lies in our power toward relief.

PLANNED AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENTS

We also look with favor upon the project of establishing, under federal guidance and with federal aid, a few experimental, planned agricultural colonies in the Southern states, which would take land out of the unprofitable production of agricultural surpluses, and might lead the way to better and more profitable agriculture in the surrounding regions.

An Inside View of the Power Trust

THE Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the propaganda methods which are used by the public utility companies continues to reveal facts of the highest importance, which do not get from most of the newspapers the attention they deserve. In the past few days it has been shown that some thirty "public relations committees," each of which operates in one or more states, have been expending upward of half a million dollars yearly in seeking to influence the press, the schools, and public opinion generally, in favor of private ownership of gas and electric plants, street railways systems and other utilities. In the state of Oklahoma, with a total population of only 2,400,000, these expenditures are known to have been at least \$30,000 a year; in Iowa, with the same number of persons, they were \$27,000. Such figures do not include the expenditures for newspaper advertising, much of which is admittedly done for the purpose, not of selling appliances and services, but of influencing editors. They include such items as "entertainment" for country editors, bribing college professors to make speeches and write pamphlets, sending hand-outs to newspapers, and investigations and surveys of textbooks to see whether they glorify the doctrine of private ownership with sufficient vehemence. (Dean C. O. Ruggles of Ohio State University is reported to be on a year's leave of absence in order to do this last job all over again, on a nation-wide scale, for an honorarium of \$15,000.)

Not the least interesting of the documents recently brought to light are some letters written by Mr. John B. Sheridan, Director of the Missouri Committee on Public Utilities. Mr. Sheridan did his work faithfully, though, as we shall see, he did not always like it. He was one of those who tried to drive Carl D. Thompson, of the Public Ownership League, off the Chautauqua platform, an incident which was reported in the New Republic at the time. Sheridan wrote as follows to Mr. Joe Carmichael, head of a committee in Iowa similar to his own, regarding Thompson:

I believe it would be unwise to enter into a controversy with this gentleman. I think we have to put up a pretty stiff fight and keep hammering on him through the local Chautauqua Committees, and if it comes to a showdown and he gets too gay, fight him; not upon the private and public ownership question, but on his socialistic, Communist, Single Tax and land nationalization record.

This was the course followed against Thompson, with partial success. It has also been followed against college professors, editors, and anyone else who shows a leaning toward public ownership.

Mr. Sheridan's other activities were of the sort to be expected, and need not be recited here. It is more interesting to turn to his correspondence in which he told what he really thought of this sort of business. In these letters he indicated frankly that he believed the utilities were treating the public unfairly.

What can we do [he wrote to Thorne Browne, propagandist for Nebraska] when the financiers will inflate, overcapitalize, sell securities based on blue sky or hot air, and rates must be kept up to pay returns on said blue sky and hot air?

The best public relations stuff in the world is a nice little reduction of rates. Do we get it? We do not. I know places where I believe a thirteen-cent top rate should be eight cents.

Reconcile these if you can. I can't. I don't pretend to. There is nothing inherently sacred in private or public ownership. It all depends on which works out to the best for the public.

If cities and states own and operate highways, schools, streets, sewers, water supply, why not electric and gas plants?

I believe in private initiative, but I don't believe in subsidizing it three to six cents per kilowatt hour. The privately owned industry should be ashamed of itself to permit a municipally owned plant, operated on the square, to undersell it four to six to seven cents per kilowatt hour. Don't say taxes. Taxes are less than .0023 per kilowatt hour in this state.

Mr. Browne, the bankers in the electrical industry do not appreciate what a fat thing they have had in the past seven years. They do not appreciate the enormous value of the monopoly feature.

Until they appreciate and practise these things, I greatly fear that neither you nor I, nor anyone else, can help them very much.

Things were lively in this state until February,

1927. Then an unpopular railway company demands a huge valuation and increase of rates. Another gets \$13,000,000 added to its value and publicly promises not to ask for increases of rates.

Three months later this company petitions for a "readjustment of rates," which in effect increases slightly the rates of 155,000 to 200,000 customers. Then the controlling group cut with a profit of from \$12,000,000 to \$14,000,000 on 60 percent of the small issue of common stock.

Huge profit for the bankers, increase in rates for the customers!

No doubt 90 percent of the business in the state is honest and rates correct. But the 10 percent smears the 90 percent.

Two years ago in Chicago Davis and I asked that the industry declare itself on speculation. The hired publicity men had a fit. They'd lose their precious jobs. A year later Jim Davidson did say something against speculation before the Electrical Board of Trade, St. Louis, but when I asked him to repeat for publication he declined. Aylesworth said something. Sam Insull said something about it. But no one drove it home.

Unless the industry is honest and on the level it will kill itself. Ninety percent of it is honest enough. It must be 100 percent honest. And it must come to recognize that public utilities are not private dice, or playing cards, or chips in a poker game, but public trusts to be administered carefully, cautiously, economically, with the interests of investors in fixed securities and public, which are identical, coming before profits on common stock or upon inflation of securities.

What's the remedy? Why, hang the offenders high as Haman, upon the gibbet of publicity. Tell the world what they are doing. Admit your own sins and repent.

A weakness which others have noted among the employees of the utilities is pointed out by Sheridan in another letter:

I agree with everything you say, but I have found more honest people in the industry than you have. The trouble with them seems to be that they are so timid and fearsome. Of course, the biggest of them are merely messenger boys of money, and all slaves of money are timid.

The first thing with the boys is to hold their jobs. I suppose that is natural. They all have around them a dozen fellows crazy to get their jobs, so they must be careful of what they say and do.

We are raising a lot of thoroughly drilled "yes men" in the big corporations who have no mind of their own, no opinions. As soon as the old individualists die, and there are not so many of them left, I think the corporations will have a lot of trouble in getting good executives. After a man has served twenty to thirty years in one of these monstrous corporations he is not liable to have much mind of his own.

In other communications Sheridan admitted that pamphlets he had written about widows and orphans as controlling public utilities stock were "nonsense"; referred to the country editors as "God's fools—all

of them are grateful for the smallest and most insignificant service or courtesy"; and again regretted that the public utility men seemed to regard their properties as "loaded dice to be employed in a crap game, in which investors and the public are injured."

Equally outspoken was Sheridan's friend, John W. Colton, editor of the American Electric Railway Association Magazine in New York. Typical of several statements by him is this passage from a letter:

The thing about the utility industry that disgusts me is the lying, trimming, faking, the downright evasion of trust, of violation of trust, that marks the progress toward enormous wealth of some of the so-called big men in the industry. When I see some of these fellows waving the flag, I am filled with not only disgust, but rage, for they are anything but patriots . . . I would enjoy fighting some of these faking patriots through the editorial pages of an influential newspaper.

We think our readers will agree that the situation revealed by these letters is a disheartening one. Sheridan and Colton have doubtless destroyed their usefulness to the power trust through the publication of their letters, and will be released from the obligation to do any more work of which they are ashamed. But how many are there, one wonders, of their fellows who feel the same way and do not dare express themselves? There are twenty-nine other directors of state committees like Sheridan; do they keep silent because "they are messenger boys of money, and all slaves of money are timid"? Does nobody, then, believe the propaganda, up to the very kings of the industry? Is it all a cold-blooded pack of lies, put over deliberately on the American people in order that the utilities may continue to extort vast profits from an unjustified private monopoly in public services? And if this is true, as it seems to be, how much more shall we need to find out about it before the public wakes up to what is going on, and takes measures to stop it?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1928, IN THE U. S., BY
THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN ROBERT LITTELL
LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL
LEO WOLMAN ELINOR WYLLIE

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

Hearst

THE sheer bulk of his enterprises would make William Randolph Hearst an important figure in American life even if his personality were as colorless as Coolidge's, instead of being, as it is, one of the most complex and striking of his generation. He owns two dozen newspapers with an aggregate circulation of more than four million a day. His nine American magazines and three English ones include some of the most popular and successful in both countries. He operates a telegraphic news service which supplies foreign and domestic despatches not only to his own dailies, but to hundreds of others all over the United States. His feature syndicates serve an even larger number of journals with canned editorials, special articles and cartoon strips. One of these features, for example, Mr. Arthur Brisbane's column called "Today," is reported to reach a daily circulation of 30,000,000, and a group of selections from it appears in heaven knows how many weeklies.

He is a leading producer of news films, and owns a popular book-publishing house which turns off vast editions of simple-minded novels. While his efforts in the production of feature films have not been financially profitable on the whole, they have been huge enterprises employing many thousands of persons over long periods of time. The gross business of the Hearst enterprises is \$150,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that 70,000 people are on his pay-roll. Including their families, on the usual basis of computation, that means that something like 300,000 persons depend on him for their daily bread. It is no wonder that the private busses which carry Hearst workers to the new plant in New York contain advertising placards which adjure the riders to read the periodicals which support them! Many successful publications have a total circulation smaller than the Hearst army.

The foregoing sentences might easily be paraphrased into a description of any big manufacturing organization, and the similarity would not be unfair to Mr. Hearst. First of all, he is interested in business success. He drives his men remorselessly to produce profits, even though he may then squander those profits recklessly, buying old masters by the square rod, importing ancient castles stone by stone to lie, in their unopened packing boxes, under the hot sun of his California ranch. While he is generous in private charity, he keeps no man on his pay-roll for sentimental reasons, nor does he, in the long run, maintain any of his enterprises on any other than a commercial basis. It is true that some of his newspapers and magazines are losing money, and a great deal of it; but this is not for lack of effort on the part of "W. R." In an incessant struggle to make all his properties profitable, he moves

men about from paper to paper, hires and fires recklessly, reorganizes right and left. When he maintains some of his ventures after he should have given them up as a bad job, it is, as Oswald Garrison Villard points out in a recent sketch of him (in "Prophets True and False," Alfred A. Knopf, New York), chiefly stubborn pride, the refusal to admit that he has been beaten, which causes him to hang on.

Few, indeed, are the instances where Hearst has continued to support a lost cause in which he believed, after the public had indicated its lack of interest. On the contrary, he changes his policies with seeming ease, whenever the pain in the pocket-book nerve grows acute. With all his might he opposed America's entrance into the War; but once we were in, he blew the patriotic cornet unceasingly. He even ordered his papers printed with little American flags festooned all over them. Characteristically he wrote to one of his aides regarding these little flags: "I think they have been very good for this week, giving us a very American character and probably helping sell papers." In his early days he supported many progressive measures and contributed usefully to the winning of some battles against entrenched special privileges. Today, when he is old and wealthy, his papers fight few battles, fight them feebly as a rule, and preferably against straw men of their own manufacture. The most abjectly Tory thing any paper could do in the spring of 1928, I suppose, was to support Mellon for President; yet Hearst did so. The praise of the Coolidge administration in his journals has been so nauseatingly fulsome that, with intelligent readers, one would think it must have produced an effect the opposite of what was intended.

With this recent conservatism has gone timidity in the very field of journalistic enterprise where Hearst's name once caused all publishers to collapse with terror. I can't remember that his press has had a good new idea as to editorial contents, make-up, typography or illustration, in years. The advent of the tabloids not only took Hearst by surprise, but frightened him nearly out of his wits. He promptly tried to lay down a counter-barrage of his own, with new tabloids which imitated the others in appearance to a shocking degree. But his heart was no longer in this game. He has shown a genius for vulgarity, but not for the all-pervasive garbage-combing of the newer entrants into the field. His tabloids were never really successful, and with seeming relief he recently sold them to Alexander P. Moore, the Pittsburgh millionaire who so enlivened Spain during his term as Ambassador that by way of reward he has now been sent to

Peru, where few American tourists and fewer journalists go. (There are some, it should be said, who do not believe this sale was genuine. They insist it was arranged for the political year only, so that the tabloids could attack Hearst's arch-enemy, Al Smith, with all possible venom and yet avoid a reaction unfavorable to his other New York papers, the *Evening Journal* and the morning sheet which, because of its decline in circulation and influence, has been nicknamed "The Vanishing American.")

Despite his striking characteristics, the Hearst personality seems to evade those who attempt to reproduce it on paper. The most ambitious effort to do so is a full-length biography by a former employee, Mr. John K. Winkler ("Hearst: An American Phenomenon," Simon and Schuster, New York.) Mr. Winkler has assembled the facts of Mr. Hearst's life with skill and diligence, and has produced a readable volume. He tells how Hearst is alleged (the publisher privately denies it) to have cabled to Frederic Remington, the artist, whom he had sent to Cuba in 1898, "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war." He reproduces in facsimile his letter to another of his employees at the same time telling him to buy a ship and sink it in the Suez Canal in order to stop the Spanish fleet. He gives us less familiar pictures, such as Mr. Hearst calmly smashing with an axe all the locks on several refrigerators because the butler had gone to bed and he wanted a bottle of beer. We see him always calm, with that rigid imperturbability which is not genuine, peasant's calmness but rigid and neurotic self-control; we learn how he remains a part of any group only until he is bored and how he then fades quietly from the room. Yet despite Mr. Winkler's accumulation of data, the character of the man somehow remains elusive. This is perhaps not surprising: it is hard to paint the portrait of a chameleon.

It has become a commonplace to point out that Hearst's career is a failure from his point of view. His intense personal ambition to shine in politics, which made him run for Mayor of New York City and Governor of that state and to spend perhaps \$2,000,000 in trying to get the Democratic nomination for President, was ended in 1922 by the courage of Al Smith. All Hearst has to show for his lifetime of political effort is a brief and feeble career in Congress. In journalism, also, as I have suggested, he has lived past the crest of his wave. While he is still a great force, he no longer sets the pace. His policy has been the exact opposite of that pursued by Adolph Ochs of the *New York Times*, who has plowed back into the property most of his profits over a long term of years. Hearst, on the contrary, has withdrawn large sums from his enterprises, and in case of any untoward circumstance—his own sudden death, for example—they might be put into a precarious position.

He has never seemed to know what he wanted; his personal philosophy, in so far as it can be judged from his public acts, ends in doubt and confusion, which is, perhaps, why he has never managed to wield an influence comparable to that of Northcliffe in England. Many of his shifts in attitude on important questions have appeared to come merely from personal whim. For a long time he was bitterly anti-English, and a legend, which may or may not be true, ascribes this to the fact that he felt he had been coldly received in important social circles there. When he suddenly became pro-English (so that a chief plank in his platform is now an understanding among the English-speaking peoples) a chapter was promptly added to the legend saying that when he had later visited London again, some astute gentlemen in the Foreign Office had seen to it that the memory of previous coolness was wiped out in present cordiality. While, as I say, the story may not be true, there is no inherent improbability in it.

His fluctuations on Mexico are equally well known. At some times he has insisted that our southern neighbor must be left to work out her own destiny; at others, he has been hot for intervention. Just before America entered the War, the famous—and authentic—Zimmerman notes were made public, showing a German plot to embroil the United States and Mexico with one another. Hearst denounced them as a forgery of the American Department of Justice. In 1927 the wind was blowing the other way, and he published a series of wretchedly executed forgeries, bought from a shady character in Mexico City, which were of a nature to arouse American wrath against the Calles government.

Most newspaper men believe that the Hearst press today has little political influence. No one who professes to be a leader can play the weathercock so often without making his supposed followers a little dizzy. It is probable that a majority of the Hearst readers are attracted by the big headlines, the numerous pictures and the special attention given to scandalous news. Such persons are not much interested in political questions in 1928. They were, perhaps, more so in the muckraking period, roughly 1905-10, when numerous and exciting revelations were being made. In those days, and for some years earlier, Hearst was himself a political figure. His papers carried the news of his own campaigns, and under the stress of battle he printed harsher truths about his opponents than would otherwise have seen the light of day. But Hearst did not invent the muckraking era, nor did he take an important part in it, compared with such other men as McClure, Hampton, Steffens and Phillips. He merely followed the drift of events in general, though he did so with a special skill in popularizing and dramatizing the simpler aspects of the social conflict which just at that time hap-

pened to be in such a crucial period of its development.

There has never been any suspicion that the Hearst press was subject to sinister outside influence. Hearst began as a rich man's son; those who might have wished to bribe him could offer him nothing that he did not already have, or could not get by his own efforts. The vagaries of his papers have therefore always reflected the vagaries of their owner. This freedom has been strictly a personal affair, and has not extended to any of his employees. His editors, cartoonists and writers have either managed to agree with him, or they have kept their disagreement to themselves. Some of them have faithfully followed him in all his mercurial changes. Seeming to regard themselves as pure mercenaries, they have attacked or defended individuals and causes strictly according to orders, reversing themselves from day to day without, apparently, the least scruple.

In so far as the Hearst press has been successful, what is its secret? If it were to be summed up in a word, perhaps "excitement" would be the one. Hearst is always excited about something, and he manages to communicate his emotion to his editors, and through them to the publications and the readers. The interest in sex-crime and sex scandal is only one aspect of this, though an important one: while Dr. Freud was still unknown outside Vienna,

Hearst had intuitively stumbled upon the central point in his philosophy and was using it in journalism with a freedom and skill which for a quarter of a century were unrivalled. He managed, however, to be excited in the same way about everything else; he has lived in an exceedingly simple world of blacks and whites, heroes and villains (mostly villains); perhaps the very fact that in his secret heart he doesn't know what he wants has caused him to speak out with the more assurance and tell the people what they want. And as always, Demos has responded eagerly, has licked the hand held out to it in the form of a determined fist, in such contrast to its own nerveless fingers.

The point is often discussed whether Hearst and his competitors gradually train readers for a better type of journalism. So far as I know, there are no reliable statistics on this point. Some of his executives believe that it is the case, and that a new group needs to be created every few years. At any rate, it seems certain that the answer to Hearst is the answer to all other journalism of the same type. There is no hope of betterment by shutting off the supply (assuming that such a thing were possible) while the demand still goes on. Produce a generation which wants something better, and Hearst and his contemporaries will shrivel up and disappear. And how can such a generation be obtained? Ah, that is *your* question. BRUCE BLIVEN.

Our Women

The Re-Discovery of America: XV

THE aim of this article is negative. It is to clear ground for our examination of the state of the American folk by regarding certain myths about American women: myths that distort them from their actual place within the folk and conceal them even from themselves.

(1) It is said that American women are exceptionally independent, and that the reason for this is the industrial revolution. Since in the nineteenth century it became the mode to explain everything by economics, women were not spared. They were going into shop and office: why look farther? But men also were going into shop and office; and even the most rabid environmentalist would concede that the new job did not in fifty years transform utterly a nature molded by eons. It brought out some traits, it thwarted others: man was still man: why, then, was woman not still woman? In France and Germany, women also went into the new industrial work. If the cause of the nature of the modern woman was peculiarly economic, a *dactylographe* in Paris should closely resemble a stenographer in New York. The truth is otherwise. The *midinette* of the rue de la Paix, the linen-worker of

Lyons, are closer to the *grande dame* of Bourgogne than to the feminine bread-winner of the United States. Moreover, the traits that single the American woman from her Continental sisters are shared by the American woman of wealth, the American daughter of leisure, the American teacher, the American farmer's wife, no less than by the girl in American industry and commerce. American women have America in common, all that America means in social, psychological and physical terms. And French women have France in common. Moreover, women have always been in industrial work. The work, rather than women's share in it, has shifted. If women work less in the home because work has moved from the home, this is true also of men. To judge the men of a land in the whole context of their world, and to judge the women who integrally share that world, by a few special causes, is silly and romantic. Many of our hard-headed interpreters of women are closer to the minor poet who sings of woman as a Thing Apart, not wholly human, than they would like to be told. Since girls in a modern Paris office feminize that office into something redolent of old

France, and since girls in an American office do not feminize it at all, clearly the office and the fact that girls are in it are not the crux of the matter.

(2) Equally ill-founded is the claim that the strength of Puritanism in America, of sex-censorships and personal prohibitions, is due to women. The ideals of Puritanism were established in Europe by men, because of reasons closest to men; they were reestablished in America by men; they were nurtured or transformed by pioneering which was the job of the men. The ideals of Puritanism are not alone a man's concept of the world; they are hostile to women. It is not natural for woman to disdain the senses and the body; to be transcendental. It is abhorrent to her to repugn sex, to seek values in the hereafter, to slight this life in mystical evasions. Nor is it natural for woman to be a restless pioneer, to disdain the soil, to idealize motion and change. Women in America are no more responsible for Puritanism than were the nuns of Castile for Catholicism. In both cases, they adjusted to a situation. And whatever integral resistance Puritanism has met in the United States has been due in large part to women. While pioneering, Puritanism's ally, was the cry of the land, woman's aloofness from its alien ideals was overcome by her need to conform. As soon as conditions allowed, her veritable nature—the nature, indeed, of any woman loosed from the bond of man-made culture—spoke: she showed herself emotionally honest, spiritually childlike, sexually alert. The clear, unconsciously rebellious savage whom we call the flapper may stand for the essential woman of America, left unchastened and uncultivated in our stockaded towns and at last released by the fall of the stockades.

So much for Puritanism. Our sex-censorships are natural results of American democratic rule. If the people is sovereign, you will have laws that reflect its nerves and temper; the crowd will be a constant atmosphere; the crowd will be, psychologically, *always present*. Now what is the average American's reaction to sex? He considers it a private matter. Therefore, since in our world the crowd is a dominant presence, there will be the dominant, constant impulse toward sex-prohibitions. This is no more the work of our women, than the American attitude toward nakedness. Sex-candor in art and letters requires an aristocracy so secure in its own rights, that it does not feel nor heed the masses around it; or it requires a folk equally secure—a folk like the French, who have been so soundly organized by a millennium of common culture that sex as a disruptive force does not exist for it.¹

¹ Of course, I do not go deeply into this problem here, since my purpose is only to absolve women of an unjust accusation. It would be simple to show that in a people with no true social sense, sex is private and hence not socially allowed; in a true society, like France, sex is both private and social and hence a pleasant subject for relaxed community feeling. The superficiality of our tirades against sex-censorship should be clear to my readers.

(3) The popular notion that our land is a matriarchy, that in spirit and culture women rule us, is not alone false—it is ironic. If the American woman has been forced by the conditions of our Jungle to become an agent of masculine behavior, to accept ideals that corrode her strength, to live a life that belittles her home, to imitate man and always in subaltern ranks; if her struggle for a place has pushed her into man's business, man's politics, man's art, where is her rulership? Is it logical to say that women are strong in a land where men have forced them to act as if they were replicas of men? There is probably no country in the world where woman has had less chance to be a woman, less cogency as woman, where she has been so entirely on the defensive; and where the reestablishment of woman in her organic role is so sorely needed, as in ours, for the fulfillment of the folk. This false idealizing of the American woman's "might" (in her heart she detests it) is the American man's compensation for his failure to let his woman live; a failure from which he suffers as a man. The cure for all this nonsense, with which distinguished visitors and lecturers regale us, is to see what happened to women in our forming world. . . .

She was a good mate to her man. She cleared rocks and forests. She fought disease, trekked the continent in a covered wagon. She followed her man, and saved him. Of herself, she never would have come to America at all. The energy released from the Christian Synthesis of Europe had masculine forms; it stirred in the blood of her man and made *him* inventor, discoverer, protestant, pioneer. She, more conservative and faithful, would not have uprooted her old home and her altars. The wilderness was more alien to woman, because the forces dissident from her European hearth were less clamant within her. Once here, she struggled to re-make her home. Religion and morals became important in her life, because they were the strongest hold she had on her man, the strongest links she had preserved from the synthesis she had abandoned. Religion and morals became to the American woman a will-expression, a tool at hand. They were real to her man; therefore by means of them she tried to touch him. Ethical and mystic tenets were incidental, although, of course, they worked on her. If they were alien to her flesh, they yet were of use to her flesh; for they helped her make a home in a chaotic world; helped her cement a desperate connection with her child whom the frontier snatched all too soon from her lap. She used religion as a builder of a house uses mortar. *The house concerned her.*

Arduous it was for her to make her home in an outpost, where displacement was a wind constantly blowing through her windows—blowing all she loved away. But this was the mere surface of her trial. The American pioneer was an insufficient

lover. Not because he was in love with the tasks of clearing the continent: there were far deeper causes without which such superficial ones would not have counted. The essence of his failure as a lover of his woman lay in his very issuance from Europe.

We have studied the process of atomization that made the American man a particle of Power—a driving instrument of action and self-will. Love we have defined as the principle of union, of order, of creation—the act whereby the two or the many become one; and Power is the imposition of a self on any object by destruction or absorption—the principle of chaos. *Any man whose impulse is Power is a bad lover.* For how can a man make love, who does not love? Now in Europe, man and woman had made a whole. That whole was ideally the Christian Body of the world: practically, it was the home. Perhaps husband and wife were temperamentally unsuited; perhaps their parents had designed the match for external reasons: all this was as naught compared with the value and the suggestive force of the symbolic whole of marriage. Man and woman fulfilled each other in this union, as all men and all women fulfilled each other in the union of the Church. Even an unhappy marriage was real; its misery was a means of fulfillment, because its principle was love. Adultery meant what it said: an adulteration of a veritable whole. And in such an atmosphere of wholeness, where sex symbolized the pattern of the Church and the Church actualized the union of the sexes, man could *love* his woman. Even today in Europe, the cultural dissolution has not gone so far as altogether to delete this atmosphere of wholeness; woman is not deprived of love's nurture. And that is why German women who work in factories are very like their mothers who worked in kitchens; why the stenos of Paris feminize the office, even as their French sisters the homes and the arts.

But in America, the dissolution was more perfect: America, which we have seen as the advance form—in one aspect—of Europe's deliquescence. Man here was indeed the fragment, the child and the maker of chaos: the instrument of Power, not of Love. Along with the greater Whole, marriage faded. Indeed, Protestantism's acceptance of divorce prophesies this dissolution. (Divorce becomes common, adultery becomes a meaningless word, where marriage is debauched into a mere personal or Power contract.) The pioneer no longer found fulfillment in his wife. He was a particle of the chaotic flux, of America's manifest destiny of expansion. He needed a woman, of course: to use her. She and her family were now a means: the end was Power, which is endless.

The way of woman in this process was tragic. Since her man did not fulfill her, as a creative being she was not fulfilled. She is biologically closer to love than he, her body confines her energy to courses less versatile and mobile. She suffered more

manifestly (though not more really) than her man, in this lack. She was bereft, and she grew frantic. America was this masculine world of moving particles of Power: she had to follow into the masculine chaos.

So we return to Power. Woman became what she must, in a reign of Power. She went after her man: she went outside herself to be like her man—to win from herself what she had always gotten from the man she had lost. *Self-fulfillment*—the fallacy of Power. There begins the spectacle of women who worship self, since their men worship self: of men and women turned from one another and hence barred from the sole true self-fulfillment which is the union of the self with another self, of the one with the world. The men had their outset in the nucleus of their own personal will; they were immature, yet they were beginnings of men. But the women began by doing violence to their nature, by taking men's will as their outset.

Since the world in which they were now launched was a world of men, they tried to become as men. In the professions and the arts, they imitated men; in business, they worked for men. And in the home, they struggled vainly against the depreciation of home values. It was "in the air" of a Power-pioneer world that personal service is inferior to work in a mill, that feeding a child is less of a job than feeding a machine, that material production is more important than spiritual consummation, that the creating of an esthetic—of a religious whole in the home, with human lives as integers, is less "artistic" than scribbling verse. Thus, our women became poor cooks, unsatisfactory wives, neurotic mothers. The center of education shifted from the hearth which is its normal focus, to the school where it does not belong. Formal education was forced, by this bankruptcy of the home, to undertake excessive burdens. But even here, the women were not leaders.

For reasons we have noted, they had adapted, as a means for salvaging their home, the tool of morals and religion. The tool was soon familiar to their hands: now that their creative work at home was dwindling, they used this tool as a weapon—destructively, aggressively, to sterilize the world, since they were sterile. Natural priestesses of sex and of bodily joy, they warred against the joy they could not have.

This was the era in which American woman courted man. It was a courtship doomed to failure. And it is closing. All the fictions about her "cultural influence," about our "matriarchy," could not keep the American woman from learning that no pursuit of man on *his* terms, no cult of Power, brings the indeputable nourishment of love. This she has learned not intellectually and not consciously, but as an organism linked through generations learns the way of survival. She had raised settlements, careened in crazy wagons; she had cru-

saded against vice and atheism; she had trimmed her curves to fit into man's machines, and broken the lilt of her desire to meet his rationalization of what he desired to give her; she had fought with man for a share of his political baubles and for a place with him in the cult of money. And the organic lesson she has learned stands fleshed—magnificently fleshed—in the American girl of today. The feminist movement is dead. Woman reverts to the sources of her womanhood: to a new, hard, shrewd, unsentimental *femaleness*. She is an atom: from the fruit of the experience of her mothers, comes this seed of a folk. She is pure of the old seasons, purer than man, readier to dawn. Man cannot win her by tugging the old chords of sentiment, tradition, law—chords himself has cut. He must begin, to meet her beginning. And it may be that the first step in the creation of a Whole from our American chaos will be the union of man with this new Eve who was not formed from his rib. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

(Mr. Frank's next article in this series, "Our Folk," will appear in our issue of July 18.)

The Nonstop Stoppers

THE close of the Republican Convention found Elmer Durkin, Wappington's distinguished newsdealer, in one of those cheerful, Pollyannish moods which made him such a trial to all right-thinking people. The stop-Hoover alliance had collapsed in dust and laughter, the wise men of the East had been brought home in horizontal postures, highly diverting, the greatest Something-or-other since So-and-so had met with delightful misadventure, and Calvin Coolidge was soon to pass out of Elmer's life forever. All this and more the pleasure-loving news butcher and English butcher said to Editor J. T. Riland, who seemed low in his mind.

"It's a good ticket," Mr. Riland said, "but I'm afraid it's not as strong here in the East as it ought to be under the circumstances."

"Cheer up, J. T. Smile, smile, smile. There are enough glooms in real life without going to politics for a load of grief. Now me, I got a big wallop out of the K. C. racket. Pete Boyle's radio joint across the way had the loud shrieker aimed right at me; I could park my dogs on my own sidewalk and have all the agonies of a ring-side squat. I couldn't have snagged myself more giggles if I had been up there under the Kliegs with Moses.

"When you consider that everybody was jerry how it was going to come out, it was not so citrous. Keynoter Fess was a wow with his straight-face gags about how the G. O. P. invented bank deposits, motor busses, peace, radios and nice weather. Herbie's steam roller made a lovely

squash as it bumped over the Dixie boys who slapped their washers on the wrong filly. It was clean, wholesome fun to hear poor old Smoot trying to deliver his load of applesauce while the bozos yelled, 'louder and funnier.' There was a haw-haw for me in the shrieks of the McNary-Haugenites as they hit the soapy chute. I got quite a kick out of that session. They gave young Bob La Follette a hand, closely followed by a foot. They allowed Nicholas Murray Butler one squawk, then voted for strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Commandment, ankled out to the washroom and said 'here's how.' There was no farm relief or bar relief, but I'm telling you there was a raft of comic relief.

"At night they came back to make whoopee with Hoover and pin posies on the palookas. Did you chisel yourself in on that hoke, J. T.? Boy! When I quit them some egg was telling the cockeyed world that Jim Watson was the noblest Hoosier out of jail.

"And the next day they pinned the leather medal on Curtis! Of all the farm-relievers, Herb-stoppers, Cal-drafters, Dawes-fanciers and favorite sunshiners, nobody had spilled so many snooty thoughts about Hoover as this old bird, but now he swallows nine million bitter words and climbs on the ticket. Comic strippers get important jack for sadder stuff than that.

"Here present were eighty-seven doggy easterners willing to be the goat and play second fiddle and make us a united people some more, but the Board of Directors put the snooze on them. All the East got, with what they had before, totaled up to nix. And if it had been less than that it would still be too much.

"I ask you, J. T.—you burned a hole in your kelly torchlighting for James G. Blaine—did you ever see anything to tie that elegant assortment that was fixing to gum the works for the Secretary of Commerce? Read 'em from left to right and weep—McNary-Haugenites, hot, cold and wabbly, a flock of dark horses all kidding themselves, Bill Thompson and his pineapple kids, the high pandrum of the Pennsy Railroad, Wall Street ticker tapers who thought the McNary thing was the galloping consumption, the hundred percent Coolidgites and the phoney ones who were trying to use him as a stopper. All these birds had in common was a grouch and a prayer. If the White House would give them any kind of a break, they would sink their tomahawks for a few minutes, meet at the corner of Wall and Main Streets and take away Herbie's marbles. Then if Calvin didn't click they were set to slip over one of the three dark Charleyhorses, Hughes, Dawes or Curtis.

"Now the glad noise went down murderers' row that Mellon had the key to the situation. Ask Andy, he knows. Whichever way he plunked Pennsylvania was the answer. All Nature held her breath and waited; it was so still you could hear

the splash of the bad guessers from the cotton belt hitting the Missouri. Then Mellon blew in and he had no more key than a rabbit, for the old gent had been pick-pocketed by a hard-boiled yegg from Philly. It was Vare, not Mellon, who plunked the Keystoneers and put the works on the Callies and turned the bout into a pushover. It turned out that nobody had told Uncle Andrew the facts of life at all. Nobody has yet. The old boy thinks Presidents are brought by storks.

"Yes, J. T., the simple joys of life are best. When things are breaking sour for me I will always coax a cackle out of the Hilles boys who went fat-heading west with a cagey plot to take the hicks for a rough ride. The Old Guard didn't die so much, but it sure took a mean wallop on the chin, the dear old chin that had been decorated so often and so nifty by the Happy Warrior. Hilles came back so flat and perforated you could play him on the pianola."

"You can laugh all you please, Elmer," said the editor, "but things look better out West than they did before the convention."

"Attaboy, J. P.! Keep your glimmers on the corn-belt. Because otherwise you might see a cloud in the eastern sky no larger than a brown derby lid."

FELIX RAY.

The Executioner-Impresario

Trenton, N. J., June 1.—George Yarrow, who killed Rose Sarlo, fifteen-year-old Barnesville Sunday School teacher last October 1, was electrocuted in the state prison here tonight by Robert Elliott.

—*New York Herald Tribune.*

THUS the Personal Contact, which causes little metal cards labelled "Mr. Kanner" to be placed in front of the bank teller's window and placards reading "Miss Queenie Smith Now Serving" to adorn the counter of the Waldorf Lunch, is applied to the grim and hitherto solemn business of capital punishment. The theory of capital punishment has always been that the State, rising in majesty to avenge the violent death of one of its citizens, executed the duly convicted murderer. It was We, the people, who adjusted the noose, sprang the trap or clamped on the electrodes. The headline over the above-quoted item, however, was "Elliott Executes Slayer."

Mr. Elliott, the lord high executioner of four states, became a personage last August when he threw the switch which expressed the judgment of three learned and academic gentlemen as to the proper disposal of radicals conveniently accused and convicted of murder. His humble home and person were guarded as the Japanese Emperor was once protected by the shoguns. His health and daily disposition were a subject for telegraphic communication to newspaper offices. He was threatened; and lately he has experienced the somewhat ineffective bombing of his house. It was not formerly considered necessary to inquire for days before an execution how the State of New York or the Commonwealth of Massachusetts felt in their

august souls and bodies. But Sacco and Vanzetti endowed their executioner with a personality he can never shake off, be his daily life ever so secluded. Perhaps this is because he was the executioner of just men. The jailer who brought the poison to Socrates is remembered, too, though he lived before the arrival of the Personal Contact.

However that may be, Mr. Robert Elliott is now the principal figure at all executions at which he presides. Perhaps this is more unpleasant to him than to have his house bombed. His avoidance of publicity and ordinary relations with his neighbors over there in Queens would lead one to imagine so. After all, who shall blame him? One can hardly imagine sitting down in a Pullman smoking-room and, when asked "What's your line?" replying, "I'm in the electrocution game." Privacy for executioners has been the one thing that has made executions possible.

If this retirement be denied, how can capital punishment be continued as a policy? Who can face the execution of the not-far-distant future? "The current, coming in over the lines of the Amalgamated Power Company, was turned on at 12:07, and the figure in the plain Grand Rapids chair, which has been fitted out with new electrical equipment by the Richmond Electrical Supply Company, strained forward. Mr. Elliott, after throwing the switch, made a short address to the newspaper men and witnesses in which he said he hoped the execution would be a lesson to all young men disposed to wild ways, and that he never approached an event of such solemnity without a feeling of serious responsibility. After being photographed by the camera men he left the prison for his home." No, society could not bear it. An execution with the executioner as the center of interest would be as insupportable and devoid of its intended moral lesson as a funeral would be devoid of solemnity if the coffin were inscribed, "Remains by Campbell."

Probably capital punishment will not be abolished immediately, but it has already become absurd. Journalism and enterprise and the modern desire for intimate details can be relied upon to bring it to such a pass that executioners will be very hard to find. Nobody would become a hangman if he knew in advance that, after each bumping off, he would have to tell the reporters how he came to be a hangman and what his wife and children thought about it. Mr. Elliott is said to have suffered a nervous collapse after officiating at the execution of Ruth Snyder. After all, she was of Queens, too. But the state of New York can suffer no nervous collapse after the performance of a sovereign duty, and, if the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts among them are forced to exercise their sovereign powers of homicide through one gentleman subjected to the racket of modern folksy publicity, the end of capital punishment is at hand. Once the emphasis is shifted to "The Human Side of the Executioner," the majesty of the law becomes nothing but the doing to death of a small proportion of our murderers by men who are ashamed to let their neighbors know what they are up to. For those who want to preserve judicial murder as a social practice it would be far better if executioners were occasionally assassinated or bombed in trains than that they should become the subjects of sketches

in the "Interesting People of Our Day" department. Indignant society will replace a dead hangman, but when a live hangman becomes a darling of the press, he not only wearies of his profession himself but frightens off all successors save such callous and blatant sadists as would shock the community out of hanging altogether.

FREDERIC NELSON.

Washington Notes

THOUGH, as this is written, the event is still a week off, there seems little doubt that by the time it appears in print the Democratic schedule at Houston will have been put through and, by the nomination of the amazing Al, a campaign for the presidency will have been insured which will be unlike any other in our history. I do not mean merely because Smith happens to be the first Roman Catholic ever offered for the highest office by any party. True, that fact immediately injects into the fight a religious issue, the depth and strength of which no one can estimate, because there is no basis for estimation and it keeps too far out of sight. What we know is that a prejudice against Catholics exists and that prejudice rather than reason sways the great masses of the voters. How far this particular prejudice can be offset in the pivotal and important states by the qualities of the candidate, the character of his campaign, the appeal of other issues, unusual financial resources and the prejudices aroused against his opponent, it is impossible to say now and it will be impossible to say in November. This is one campaign in which the uncertainty will persist clear to the end, one election about which we will know nothing definite until after the voters have voted. One man's guess will be about as good as another's, up to the last minute.

But there is much more in it than the religious issue. On the surface, of course, the prohibition question will seem paramount and absorbing—or at least, such is the general belief in view of the practical certainty that Smith, in his speech of acceptance, will go much farther toward the wet side than did his platform. A considerable number of votes in all sections will be swung for or against him as a result of the clearness with which the Democrats will become the wet side in this fight. There is, however, another phase into which prohibition blends and of which it is more or less part—a phase little talked about, not widely grasped, almost as deeply hidden from view as the religious prejudices, but in its subconscious effect upon the voters probably as potent as any other thing. In this Hoover-Smith fight we shall at last see the clash that has been steadily growing more and more certain between the urban and the rural elements in the country, the inevitable struggle for supremacy between cities and country in the matter of political power in federal and state governments. So at least it seems to some far-sighted observers of political trends and currents.

More than any other man who has been nominated for the presidency, Smith typifies the great city. A product of the sidewalks of New York, his views, sympathies and predilections are essentially and deeply metropolitan. He knows practically nothing of any other life. On the other

hand, despite his cosmopolitan career and his long years of residence in the capitals of Europe, Hoover, born on an Iowa farm, is at heart a country boy, sympathetic with the rural point of view and with a real understanding of the reasons for the unconscious antagonism of the small-town and farm folks for the city. To hundreds of thousands, Smith will represent the revolt of the cities against rural regulation, their chance definitely to establish the city's right to home rule and local self-government, completely free from county or country dictation. To other hundreds of thousands, Hoover will seem the great hope of the people in the smaller towns and on the farms to escape a city domination which is unsympathetic toward them and ignorant of their problems.

Altogether, this promises to be the most interesting presidential contest of our time. When it is over, notwithstanding the complications, geographical and otherwise which still make it impossible to get a clear-cut decision on any issue, we are bound to know considerably more about the American people as a whole than we do now. And while there is certainly every prospect of a mean campaign, full of whispered lies and scandalous stories—some of which have already started—it is gratifying to think that whichever side wins, at least there will be a real man in the White House for four years—a man with capacity for original thought, human emotion and action. This long period of solemn smugness, hypocrisy and little meanness, hidden behind an impregnable press protection, will be over; the worship of the commonplace and the exaltation of the inane will have ended. For that, at least, let us give thanks.

Before the Kansas City convention gets too far into the past, there are certain phases that should be noted if only for the sake of record. One of these was the conspicuously insignificant part played by the great delegations from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. What Mr. Hilles and Mr. Butler did was, of course, just plain stupid. They started out eight months ago by taking a stupid tack and their stupidity increased each month. In the convention came the climax, where they undoubtedly stamped themselves as among the most thick-headed politicians of their time. They counted as little in the final result, both as to candidates and platform, as if they had not been there at all. As a result, today they are pretty thoroughly discredited. Should Hoover be elected, neither will have any standing with the administration and certainly nothing whatever to do with the distribution of patronage in their respective states. And without patronage, such men do not survive politically.

Of course, what happened to them was much less publicly mortifying than what happened to Mr. Mellon. I do not want to dwell on it. After all, it was a tragic thing to see this aged gentleman, who had been heralded as holding in the hollow of his hand the destinies of his party, and to whom not only journalists and politicians, but people generally, looked with reverence and awe—to see this august and supposedly powerful personage, this great national leader, rendered personally ridiculous and demonstrated to be practically impotent. This was done by a politician from his own state—Mr. Vare—with a record so polluted that the Senate of the United States refused to accept him

—a politician generally regarded as one of the most pudding-headed practitioners in the entire country. It was anything but edifying, and I would not bring it up now but for the fact that the Associated Press in its report of the proceedings seemed to ignore the real political facts of the Pennsylvania situation so outrageously and to continue so unjustifiably, even after the exposure which was the real sensation of the convention, to write greasy pieces about the vast power of Mr. Mellon, as if nothing whatever had happened to him. One expected the Curtis publications, the New York Herald Tribune and other party organs to deal tenderly with this gilded figure, but for the Associated Press to repaint Mr. Mellon as the most powerful man in the convention, the day after Vare had shown him not to control his own delegation, was something I did not expect—though perhaps I should.

Another thing about the convention that seems not to have had adequate notice is the fact that the Rev. Dr. William E. Borah played a different role from that expected or that for which he is usually cast. Instead of being the flaming mouthpiece of the minority, protesting against the wickedness and injustice of the steam-roller methods of the organization, Borah this time was not only with the majority, but one of its directing heads. He not only wrote the really vital planks of the platform—prohibition, corruption, foreign relations and farm relief—but I am told by those who ought to know, that more than anyone else he was responsible for the Curtis nomination. For that, however, I can see no reason to cheer him. The best politics, clearly, would have been the renomination of Dawes, and it may be that the Hoover managers will live to regret the fact that they permitted their belief in the small malevolence of the Coolidge character to deter them from doing the practical and clearly indicated thing. The best you can say of Curtis is that he is an amiable old party hack, whose selection will not mean a single electoral vote. Not even the claim of one is made.

The final sour note I want to sound is in reference to Frank Lowden. From what I am told, he did not show up well at Kansas City. It was a mistake for him to have gone there. He was unable to conceal his chagrin at having made a losing fight, and seeing his great ambition vanish for ever. Irritable and vehement, his statement of withdrawal was so plainly bad-tempered that it put him in the position of being a rotten loser and a poor sport. It got him roundly criticized in all directions, and sends him into permanent political retirement without dignity.

Speaking of stupidity—as I did a while back—it would be an oversight not to mention General W. W. Atterbury, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, recently put on the National Committee by Mr. Vare, and one of the so-called “men of large affairs” who went to Kansas City to defeat Hoover. In common with a good many others, I think it was not only wrong but stupid for Mr. Atterbury to have gone to Kansas City. I think it is unintelligent and unenlightened for him to plunge the Pennsylvania Railroad into partisan politics. I think the stupidity of this will be more manifest as time goes on. I have always believed that the main idea of the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various

state Public Utilities Commissions was to drive the railroads out of politics. Mr. Atterbury is the only railroad president who seems to think partisan political activity proper for the head of a great system. Even if he were good at the game it would be a mistake. My own belief is that he will rue the day he went on the National Committee—if he does not do so now. It just goes to prove that railroad presidents are not necessarily smart.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Scrap-Books

MY UNCLE'S house sits far back from the road, in a grove of oak trees. It is a great white house, built in 1830, with square columns in front, against which, on either side the steps, are tall magnolias; and box hedges run down to the brick wall with its iron gate. At night now the moonlight fills the old garden, whose disorder and exhaustion fades in this silver twilight; and the fragrance of box and petunias and the night-blooming jasmine down near the gate spreads everywhere, an undying freshness that time can if anything only make sweeter. But in the late afternoon, as I sit here with my cousin, I can see the ruin and neglect. I see the broken borders, and roses along the side walls all run to waste and climbing about, their blossoms reverted to single or thin forms as if they were wild. Nearer the house the roses are better kept, and there are old jars and pots with treasured gardenias and camellias and red amaryllis.

My cousins who live in this house are fine people, almost old by now, delicate, strong-tempered, proud, not very rich any more, and somewhat puzzled by this new time that has come upon them. They say nothing very harsh, for my uncle brought them up to think that ugliness and suspiciousness were worse than the things one hates or suspects; and my gentle aunt taught them that grace of heart and manner was the natural flower of gentle blood. But they are puzzled nevertheless, and this afternoon my Cousin Charlotte has been asking me about what is printed in books and papers nowadays, and if it is not strange the manner in which reticence is going from people; she finds, too, that people, in her county at least, do not speak of poetry any more, and that the romance one hears of does not seem so romantic after all. Only the other day, she says, she has been looking at her mother's scrap-book, which her mother kept when she was a girl in Alabama—that was almost ninety years ago. You could scarcely help observing the way people those days were different. Perhaps I would like to see the scrap-book? She goes to fetch it for me.

While my cousin is gone, I pick up the copy of the Southern Reporter that she has left in her chair. It is published not far away in Sardis; and she takes it, I suppose, because it has always been in the house. Perhaps one reads this journal quickly; at any rate I seem to know all that is in its four pages by the time my Cousin Charlotte has got the scrap-book from its box, unwrapped its brown paper covering and brought it out to me.

“You will see all these verses,” she says, “Mother used

to cut them out when she lived at home, and her brothers were away riding or hunting or courting; the whole seven of them, and Grandfather shut up in his study reading law and history. You see what she read in newspapers then."

The scrap-book is larger and heavier than you might think, considering the fragile character that was assumed for maidens in my aunt's time. Its covers are of black papier maché lacquer, with sprays of flowers inlaid in colored pearl. Cousin Charlotte names some of these journals as she turns through the pages of the scrap-book: The Mobile Evening News, The Southern Advocate, The Panola Star and The Mobile Tribune were some of them. And there are clippings from The Tuscumbia Enquirer, The Marshall Eagle, The Columbus Daily Sun, and Gleason's Pictorial, The Lady's Book, The Ladies' Pearl, and others.

She points out the many quotations from Scott and Byron and Tom Moore that her mother had found in these periodicals; and then, too, of course, she says, there are all these poems by people round about everywhere, one's friends and members of good families that one knew about. Of course some of these were only *noms de plume*, she says, we come to Phanny Phern's ballad, "I Am Dreaming, Dreaming, Darling," or the poem that she reads out to me, "Lines to A—," where Orion says how little his lady knows how oft he pines for her voice, which is like a forest bird.

My cousin asks then if I will excuse her. She must see after supper, the servants nowadays are not what they were. I am left to myself again, and turn for a moment away from the scrap-book and back to my Reporter—in the face of this poetic sentiment its contents appear to have escaped me. I will run over these eight pages and see what we should cut from our county paper these days, if we kept a scrap-book.

The opening column, on the first page, answers some insinuation from the Ripley Sentinel, whose editor, in what appears to be bad taste and rather bewildering policy, has insinuated that a part of the Reporter stock is owned by one of the political candidates in this year's election, a fact that, in the opinion of the Sentinel's editor, detracts from the value of the Reporter's warm support of this candidate. The editor of the Reporter comes out very strong about that, and without praising Mr. Conner less, is anything but obliged to the Sentinel. This is the solidest item in the edition. From that on we have a boiler-plate instalment of "The Girl in the Mirror" by Elizabeth Jordan, a notice that Pastor Cobb is confined to his bed by a strange accident—"while raising a window at his home, a pane of glass dropped out and falling edge-wise across Mr. Cobb's foot, injured it so severely that he has since been unable to put his weight on it." Howard Williams' Evangelistic Party is coming, with R. O. Cawker as gospel singer, and C. C. Saunders pianist and leader of young people; Eskimos eat raw birds. The loftiest item otherwise and the only thing lyric in this issue, is a notice for Mr. Dennis Murphree, who is a candidate for something: "Confidence Restored in the State. The past three years have been years of honor. Keep them so with Murphree."

I see that it is these passages or nothing for the high flights in the Reporter, and return to my yellowed old scrap-book and those poems that my aunt cut out and pasted there so many years ago. Whether they go any deeper or are less foolish and vain and human than these modern pages from the ancient name of Sardis, I do not know; certainly they are different, these imitations of Milton, Byron, Tom Moore and James Montgomery, these poems such as "The Blind Boy" by Lelia, or Mrs. Hale's "Bury Me in the Morning" or her "Fadeless Is a Loving Heart," or "Life," by Professor Wilson—"How wild and dim this life appears!"

There is a poem, also, "Lulin; or the Diamond Fay, a faery legend, Sent by a lover to his mistress with a Diamond Ring," a Horatian parody—*genus irritabile vatum*—on "Irritable Christians"; a facetious piece on "The Death of Grimes' Hen"; and "Steamboat Sonnets, by M. Field, Esq. of the St. Louis and Mobile Theaters," Harriet M. Bean's "Josephine's Farewell to Napoleon"; "The Mocking-Bird's Response to Clara" (in the Huntville American Independent) which begins, "Sweet Clara, daughter of the Muse," and Abdallah's "Then Whisper to Me, a Serenade."

From the Natchez Courier there is "The Beech Tree Petition."

Woodman, from the beech depart,
In beauteous grandeur let it be,
Beneath its shade I lost my heart,
And 'tis sacred now to me;
Be ever green, thou noble tree,
To my memory dear thou art.
Within thy shade there is a spell,
Sweet joy will oft to fancy start,
When I in thought beneath thee dwell
And think of her I love so well.

"The South may well be proud," some unnamed editor writes by way of preface to one lyric in ten stanzas, "of the beautiful poetry of its beautiful young poetess. Here is one of her most charming productions," and the poem begins

Give me an eye, a swimming eye,
To meet my ardent glances.

I read that, and all its ten stanzas, thinking of how they loved the gesture, the spread of the words, the glory of one's own declamation; and afterward I turn another page, and read that "the two following chaste and beautiful anonymous poetic gems bespeak their merits without being endorsed by the potency of a name."

And O! I love sweet solitude,
Where mourns a widow's dove;
I love a heart attuned to mine,
A heart that loves to love.

And after that—these poems are from the Ladies' Pearl, 1858—

Yet should his manhood's prime be shaded,
Let him on this heart repose;
It will prove when joys have faded,
"Desert Spring" and "Mountain Rose."

I close the book and sit looking out over the garden where the twilight has come, the gray shades cluster under

the trees, and in the long box walks the shadows meet. And then presently I hear my cousin coming to call me in to supper, and am hoping that she will talk of her mother and the old book of poems that she loved. But she takes the book from me quietly, and only says again that she was looking into it the other day, and adds:

"I know what Mother would say now if she were here, she would say that these days the bottom rail is on top."

STARK YOUNG.

Premature Obituaries

THE doctrine of "*de mortuis nil nisi hokum*" has lately received some shrewd thrusts from the pens of our more trenchant biographers. But the number of their victims has been at least equalled by the smiling images of great contemporaries with which other artisans are beginning to dot the landscape, making the historical traffic problem more complicated than ever. As fast as Washington myths and Victoria myths are chipped away, Ford and Roosevelt and Wilson myths are taking form. This boom is good business for the literary building trade, whichever way you look at it, and the janitors of the Hall of Fame are working overtime, trundling the statues in and out. But if truth really does lie in fine distinctions, as nowadays we like to imagine, we should expect to find a truer estimate of our great men somewhere between a eulogy and a denunciation. With these considerations in mind, the writer has undertaken to compose brief obituaries for some of our prominent citizens who are still with us. Thus he hopes, by the illusion of their death, to capture the requisite note of solemn praise, while still moved to candor by the irritation of their actual presence.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

The last of the great Presidents. Aristocrat of the aristocrats, but one who never knew the meaning of "*laissez-faire*," his impetuous nature led him often into actions which seemed quixotic, but of which time invariably revealed the far-seeing spiritual wisdom. Like his words, his deeds at first astounded, then overwhelmed and swept along, a timider world. The purity and classic strength of his public utterances, few and brief, were the despair of scholars as of statesmen, and his marmoreal phrases have become the watchwords of our civilization. He could not endure an hour to see injustice done, and this impatience in the face of wrong was his only fault: it could not be called a weakness. He was the emblem, as he was the cause, of America's admired preëminence among the nations; his was the broadest vision of an internationally-minded day. His gallant and becoming death, when he committed hari-kiri to atone for an unintentional slight to the Nicaraguan ambassador, brought to an untimely end his four and a half terms in the White House, and fittingly terminated the epic—too great to be called a tragedy—of his life.

DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON

"He liveth best who loveth best." This gentle and humble servant of God, of the true lineage of St. Francis,

resembled far more a simple friar of the old Church than a modern Baptist in a great metropolis. His self-effacing and sensitive nature so abhorred the limelight that he was known, during his lifetime, to only a few of his fellow citizens. By them he was affectionately nicknamed, on account of his almost excessive charity, "Mr. Absolute Zero." Sinners flocked to the sanctuary of his eager welcome and his ready help. The only people whom he was ever heard to disparage were the righteous, whom he once characterized (for he never mentioned names) as having "more luck than skill." He was the most humble-minded of men. Though he left directions to have his body consigned to the Street Cleaning Department, he was buried, with fitting ceremony, in the apse of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and on his tomb was inscribed the phrase that was oftenest in his mouth: "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an entire individual."

THOMAS J. HEFLIN

A man who gave the best years of a vigorous life as a Protestant Senator from Alabama, only his death discovered the fact that he was actually a Papal Legate. A devout Roman Catholic, it was his self-imposed task to spread the Catholic faith by seeming to attack it, and his labors in this field were crowned with phenomenal and increasing success. With the intellect of Aquinas, the tongue of Demosthenes, and the policy of Talleyrand, he played the part of United States Senator to perfection. Among his many notable but minor achievements was the overthrow of the Ku Klux Klan, which he ruined financially by charging it huge fees for speaking against the Pope. The sums which he accumulated from this hated source were sent to the Vatican, and used for missions in the Southern states. Only his intimates knew what a strain his devoted but double life had been. As he lay dying, news came that the Papal army had landed in New York, and with a sigh of relief he expired, murmuring, "Now it can be told!"

WEBSTER THAYER

Tolerant, even-tempered, and skeptical, this Massachusetts Judge was so scrupulous and tender-minded in the conduct of his office that the few criminals whom the law compelled him to condemn thanked him before their executions, and begged his personal forgiveness for the crimes they had committed against society. He was never more the judge than outside his court-room, and never more the wise and kindly man than in his robes on the bench. He was accused of showing occasional prejudice, and this was true: but it was always prejudice in favor of the prisoner. His merited reputation for unswerving fairness and humanity eventually won him an appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States, which he, however, declined, as it must have taken him from the foreign-born unfortunates whom he felt it his peculiar duty to help, and among whom he prayerfully labored. The death of this well beloved champion of the oppressed was a blow to every lover of justice, every liberal-minded man. His monument, raised by spontaneous subscription from Italian cobblers and fish-peddlers, bears this simple but heartfelt inscription: "O Upright Judge!"

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

The American Swift. In an era of unreasoning optimism, he stood almost alone as scourge of the vices and follies of his contemporaries. By the end of his life his sole example had been enough to turn the temper of his day from hypocrisy to reason, and his lifetime spans the period in American literature now known as "The Age of Phelps." Though he considered all men fools, his fiercest scorn he reserved for authors: Mencken, E. E. Cummings and James Joyce were the only writers even admitted to his presence, and ever afterwards they called him "Master." Under his brilliant and mocking editorship, the Dial attained a circulation greater than that

of the Saturday Evening Post; though his millions of readers writhed under the vitriol of his stinging wit, the fascination of his almost diabolical intelligence drew them irresistibly, and in ever greater numbers. His published criticism had far-reaching effects: he was generally credited with the suicides of Edgar A. Guest, Booth Tarkington and Ella Wheeler Wilcox; and it was by reason of a phrase of his that Joyce's "Ulysses" was made compulsory reading for the primary grades of all public schools. He was never popular, he was too greatly feared; but at his death the cowed intelligentsia crept to be his mourners, as during his life they had slunk before his chariot wheels.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Mr. Keynes on the War Debts

SIR: Your leading article of May 23, criticizing my contribution on the war debts, has made me try to find out just where we differ. For that is the first step to reaching an ultimate agreement. Am I right on the following points?

(1) I argued that in settling the war debts, regard should be paid to their origin and the circumstances in which they were made. The New Republic does not agree, and looks on them as being in the same category as any other investment.

(2) I suggested that, if the net result of the settlements including reparations were to leave the United States as the sole beneficiary, this would not be an outcome tolerable to sentiment or in sufficient accord with the professions of Americans when they entered the War. The New Republic disagrees and sees nothing distasteful or inconsistent in this outcome.

(3) I proposed, not that the United States should make unconditional concessions; but that when the Dawes scheme comes up for revision the war debts should be considered along with reparations, and that any concession by the United States should be used to facilitate a reasonable re-settlement of the latter. Here, I understand, the New Republic and I are in agreement.

(4) Since we are thus in agreement on practical policy, it is a pity that we should differ in the abstract. The New Republic urges me, therefore, to base my case on the expediency of using a revision of the war debts as a means of obtaining a better settlement of reparations; and to avoid "dubious moral attitudes" about the origin of the debts. I have no doubt that the advice is wise. I am guilty of having sacrificed propaganda to a desire to express my feelings. But perhaps I may plead, in mitigation of sentence, that, when certain sentiments are felt strongly by the inhabitants of a whole continent practically without exception, it is difficult—however advisable—to conceal them. Nor am I sure that it is the best plan in the long run, when two nations genuinely entertain divergent sentiments, that one of them should dissemble, even in the hope of obtaining a pecuniary advantage. For what half the world feels will be discovered sooner or later.

London.

J. M. KEYNES.

[We have not the slightest objection to the expression by Mr. Keynes of his feelings and those of many other inhabitants of the Allied nations concerning the debts. The desirability of communicating to Americans what these feelings are was one of the reasons for the publication of his article. Our editorial was published for the purpose of informing him, on the other hand, of the opinions held by many Americans, in the hope that they might have some influence on his feelings. To take up his specific points:

(1) We have never believed that the war debts belonged in the same category as other investments. Accurate and careful

regard to the circumstances in which they were made does not, however, prove that from our point of view they are not morally binding as debts.

(2) We do not see the connection between reparations and war debts in any such terms as Mr. Keynes here states it. Reparations are only one possible source of revenue for the Allied governments. One might as well say that there is something distasteful about the United States being the sole beneficiary of a certain part of the income tax receipts of France or Great Britain.

(3) The United States would not logically be in a position to make concessions about the debts conditional upon concessions about reparations if she had admitted that the debts are not rightfully due to her.

(4) If one believes that the debts are rightfully due, but ought to be revised downward, it would be, for him, a resort to mere expediency to argue for revision upon the ground of a lack of obligation to pay them. Our conviction is that debts and reparations ought to be revised downward because they will be either difficult or impossible to pay, and such obligations should not be continued so far into the future. The reason they are so difficult is that they are international obligations not arising out of productive use of human resources. This certainly has an important moral aspect of its own.—THE EDITORS.]

The Agricultural Depression

SIR: The plight of the farmer in the United States is at present a very real distress to be solved, if possible, along lines of actual statesmanship. It is not to be allayed by temporary remedies or by quack prescriptions.

One feature in the matter has been scarcely noticed—the change in the farm-owners following deflation of nominal values. A large percentage of the farms, of the Northwest at least, were under mortgages to teachers and widows who had been advised that "a farm mortgage is the safest investment for small savings." I know something of the condition of some twenty small farms in different parts of Montana. In one case interest and taxes have been regularly paid. In all the others the present holders under foreclosure are all either widows or teachers. Some of these have paid taxes for nine or ten years, often with added penalties. Many have lost hope and quit the effort, while the farms in question cannot now be sold or rented. I read in the press that the farmers (not politicians), becoming non-vocal, complain less than formerly. So they must be better satisfied. I learn, also, that the ranks of the unemployed, unskilled laborers in the cities are swelling. I have no actual statistics, but they seem to have a real connection. In considering our vaunted prosperity, it is plain that most of us have no share in it.

Stanford University, Calif.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Bernard Shaw's Case for Equality

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 495 pages. \$3.

THE volume before us has been described as Mr. Bernard Shaw's last will and testament. It will, I think, suffer a little by reason of this sort of publicity; for, whereas the heirs of a mundane will expect quite properly to learn about property, finance, distribution, inheritance taxes, we want the testament of a great man of letters to contain some final word about what life has meant to him. Mr. Shaw disappoints us in "The Intelligent Woman's Guide," as Plato disappoints us in "The Laws": instead of carrying us a step further than he did in "Back to Methuselah" and in "St. Joan," he reverts to the original criticisms, formulæ, and administrative proposals he began to make in the eighties as a Fabian. "The Intelligent Woman's Guide" is, I think, the last great Fabian tract: with it, a whole epoch is wound in tape, sealed, and docketed. Let us swallow our disappointment and be thankful for this summary. If the book means less as a living impulse than we had hoped, it will count for more as an historical document.

What is the exact nature of this book? It is a systematic commentary upon the nature of our present economic society, founded on property, privilege, and "freedom of contract," and an attempt to show that, among the potential changes latent in this order, that which would produce a rough equality of income is the only one that offers sufficient foundation and hope for the good life.

Mr. Shaw's fundamental postulate is that the chief wealth produced by society is perishable: it must be divided up and distributed more or less within the year it is produced, lest it spoil or rot: society does not live by eating Federal Reserve deposits for breakfast, nor can it satisfy its hunger with a barbecue of locomotives and dynamos; it must live on its current stock of grains, fruits, vegetables, meat. What we call saving is really a judicious mode of consumption which permits energy and labor to be applied to all the accessory and derivative modes of production: but in a society founded on inequality in distribution, savings are applied to industries which will yield a vast monetary profit, and only with great reluctance or under ruinous terms are applied to industries of primary importance—good housing, agriculture, community-building. With class divisions, based upon economic status, mating does not take place freely between people on different income levels; and because of their dependence upon the propertied classes, the lawyer, the scholar, the artist, the clergyman cannot give wholly disinterested service to the community: their interests as fee-earners conflict with their duties as citizens, and even when they do not sin overtly, their whole view of life is vitiated by an unconscious class bias.

This state of things is mitigated a little, Mr. Shaw points out, by the communism which has been introduced into modern urban society—a public waterworks, a state highway, a public school, being all communistic institutions, supported out of a common fund: but unfortunately, communism of this sort is applicable only to services that are needed by everyone, or to departments that, like higher

education, have obtained the moral approval of the community. One cannot distribute ginger snaps or walking-sticks as one distributes water: hence one must face the problem of distributing income. Mr. Shaw discusses the seven possible plans for distribution: "(1) Giving to each what he or she produces. (2) To each what he or she deserves. (3) To each what he or she can get and hold. (4) To the common people enough to keep them alive while they work all day, and the rest to the gentry. (5) Division of society into classes, the distribution being equal or thereabouts within each class, but unequal as between classes. (6) Let us go on as we are. (7) Socialism: an equal share to everybody." It is plain that "Let us go on as we are" is a combination of the five previous methods, more or less, with the communism of urban life thrown in as a partial palliative; while Mr. Shaw's revolutionary proposal is simply making universal on a higher economic plane the common lot, in poverty, of the greater part of mankind.

How is one to equalize income? There are two ways: one is to nationalize, with compensation, the land, railways, banks, mines, and other important utilities. The other is to do away with the *rentier* class (which would, doubtless, be quite willing to live upon government funds once it had given up its present hope of additional profits and dividends) by more steeply imposed income and inheritance taxes, so that, while at any particular time a particular group of capitalists would be reimbursed for their nationalized property, without upsetting existing constitutional arrangements, in the long run the whole class would be expropriated and put to work as completely as if Red troops had marched on Threadneedle Street and Wall Street and made a bonfire of all the existing stocks and bonds. With an informed electorate, a working Parliament and a capable bureaucracy, there is nothing in Mr. Shaw's ultimate aim that could not be translated into action and service. He does not suppose that Socialism could be voted in tomorrow at a General Election, nor does he fancy that it will be established by a revolutionary uprising: the equalization of income demands, rather, a series of detailed measures, carried out under orderly conditions over a long term of years. This was his position forty years ago; and he has not departed from it. He has cast all the knowledge of maturity into the molds of his youth.

The corollaries of this proposal for equalization have been stated before both by Mr. Sidney Webb and himself: they involve what Mr. Webb calls the National Minimum, that is, a standard of living, erected by law, below which no member of the community is permitted to go: and, in addition, the distribution of work and leisure, so that each member of the community would share in the burdens and benefits of the productive process—an increase of leisure making up in freedom what would be lost through a certain regimentation within the realm of production. Like classic socialism, Mr. Shaw's proposal involves the elimination of the private landlord and the private capitalist: but instead of the old revolutionary hope that this would be accomplished by the working classes, he addresses his appeal to the consumer, and bases his argument upon the general diffusion of well-being that would follow the equalization of rent and the elimination of the tax levied by the private landlord and the *rentier* upon the processes of production.

Although Mr. Shaw derives his economics from Jevons rather than from Marx, the categories within which his mind works most easily are those common to both brands

of classic political economy: they are the categories of income, taxation, finance, distribution. His exposition has the clarity and simplicity of this economics: it has also its characteristic limitations and defects. With all his sanity and generosity and public spirit, he has been caught by the idola of his time. His socialism is an abstraction; it is the attempt of a propertied man to think himself out of his predicament without changing his mode of living. When one attempts to substitute real values for the neat X, Y, and Z in Mr. Shaw's equations, one sees that his economics embraces only one aspect of the social order—that covered by finance and legislation. What cannot be treated on these terms remains outside Mr. Shaw's picture.

Let me make my dissent from Mr. Shaw's position clear by first emphasizing our points of agreement. His general criticism of capitalist society seems to me thoroughly fair and sound, and it is quite as true in America, with its paper prosperity and the technique of the "new capitalism," as it is in the Old World: in comparison with our resources and with the potentialities of our machine production the common American industrial worker or farmer is, if anything, worse off than his fellow in Europe: the fact that the American worker may ride to work in a car does not alter the fact that he lives in houses built of rubbish and, in every big city, has fewer opportunities for recreation and common enjoyment today than he had, with less than half his present nominal income, thirty years ago. What is more, Mr. Shaw's aim, equality of income, seems to me essentially sound and just. Its basis is the simple biological fact that, irrespective of our class, intelligence, or merit, we all require a certain amount of air, food, quiet sleep, freedom from excessive heat, cold, or damp, freedom of movement, access to land, and opportunity to mate and rear children. These wants are common to the race; and in the gross, they mean the same amount of food, clothing, shelter, sunlight, locomotion for all of us. Until they are satisfied, the existence of an economic surplus is a myth, and the attempt to divide it, or, still more, to obtain an unequal share of it, is a dishonesty.

Any institutional arrangement that does not accept as its basis the fundamental equality of our biological and social wants seems to me false and mischievous; and whereas the conventions of private property put the protection of property above the conservation and care of human life, a valid social economics must put life and its nurture first. Up to this point I am completely on Mr. Shaw's side: I have no more superstitions about the sanctity of private property or the moral value of inequality than Plato had—or Lenin.

What has been lacking in socialism, what is lacking in Mr. Shaw's proposal, is a recognition of the fact that changes in ownership, changes in financial direction or distribution, or in numerical apportionment, involve, not as their ultimate goal but as an immediate agency of their fulfillment, concrete plans for changing the qualitative relationships involved. A municipally owned subway line may still be a badly planned one, or a municipally planned street may be an extravagant one: a nationally operated railroad may still tend to distribute population inadequately: a state educational system may be routinized and sterile: the residents of Park Avenue and Hester Street might have the same income without either group getting sufficient sunlight or pure air: and if industries were managed by bureaucrats in Washington instead of bureaucrats in private offices in New York, they would still carry

their present burden of administrative overhead, unless they found a method of delegating power and responsibility to the centers where they must be applied.

The prime question for social economics is not simply: How much? One must ask at the same time: What kind? When we are dealing with genuine values, with human lives and working industries and cities and countrysides, we must recognize that one type of industry has a higher civilization-value than another: waterfalls produce better communities than coal pits: printing plants produce more intelligent men than steel works, and truck drivers are healthier people than tailors. To produce a fruitful equality of income is not simply a matter of transferring shares, imposing taxes, building up new government departments for managing or supervising production: it means working out, region by region, industry by industry, city by city, an appropriate pattern of life.

What kind of city, what kind of school, what kind of industry, what kind of culture, what kind of architecture, what kind of art is to utilize and focus these political and economic changes? To ask these questions is to bring up fundamental relations in life—and it is such questions that Mr. Shaw ignores or wittily glides over in his discussions of finance and politics. But if a socialist program is to have power and drive, and is not merely to be mouthed as a formula, it must have such definite concrete objectives, and every sound idea on art or education or regional planning will be a contribution to it. So far, the Utopian socialists were right: their weakness lay in the fact that they drew a superb rendering of the "ideal" community, without relating it to external actualities and circumstances, and without any specific power to work out its plan and elevation, or to supervise its building. Mr. Shaw errs on the other side: he has a complete system of costs and contractor's estimates and building codes: but he has very little to say about the ultimate use of the building, or about the character of its design—and it is about these matters that the post-war generation is mightily interested.

What Mr. Shaw, in almost the last words of his book, refers to as post-war psychology, which he confesses he cannot understand because it is too young and he is too old, is essentially a recognition of the fact that one must be oriented upon these basic questions before one attempts to alter so much as the practice of dog-catching. Tastes and values will have to change as well as incomes: habits of living as well as laws: and I am not at all sure but that the equality Mr. Shaw seeks will be a result, rather than a cause, of such changes. Just as there is a short-cut to free sexual selection without formal equality—namely, not taking the category of class seriously and marrying out of it—so there may be similar short-cuts in industry which will not involve the degree of regimentation and circumlocution that Mr. Shaw prescribes, in patient Fabian doses. Once we formulate concretely what we want as communities, we may achieve our ends as directly as the post-war generation have done individually in their sexual relations. Fabius won battles by roundabout methods: Scipio won them by direct attack. The coming generation will be, I think, a generation of Scipians, and when they have gained their direct ends they may perhaps find that they have achieved the desideratum that Aristotle and Shaw recognize as the basis for the good life—namely, that it should be a society of equals. Had Mr. Shaw been born a generation later, he might have been the leader of the Scipians!

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Caged Osprey

The Closed Garden, by Julian Green. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

MR. JULIAN GREEN, at the beginning of his literary career, was offered an exceptional choice. Born in France of American parents, educated partly in French schools and partly at the University of Virginia, a veteran both of the American ambulance corps and the French artillery, he was privileged after the War to conduct his own plebiscite, to opt for a nationality, to elect a language, to signify his adherence to a literature, a history, a manner of viewing the world. A choice like this leads to speculations of an almost theological nature. Is English really the predestined language? If a divinely impartial judge—if Apollo himself were resurrected and cast his lot with men, would he express himself in our rich and chaotic vocabulary? Might he not prefer French for its precision? Spanish or Italian for their melody? German for its grammatical resemblances to his remembered Greek?

Mr. Green, who was perhaps not wholly impartial, chose to write in French. In this respect he was following the example of other bilingual Americans—of the symbolist Stuart Merrill, of the disinterested poet Francis Vielé-Griffin. He even went further than they. Not only did he write his novels in French, but he chose to write French novels.

He adopted, in other words, an art-form which is distinctly a national expression. Like the French classical drama, the French novel is generally rich in analysis and very simple in plot. It tends to be briefer than the English novel, and yet in a way it seems more exhaustive; it deals redundantly with a single emotion, a single situation, a single crisis limited in time or scope. It has a sort of architectural unity, resembling that of a column or an arch. English novels at their worst are formless; at their best they have a unity of direction, a purposive unity like that of a tree growing toward the light.

The difference between the two types of fiction resembles that famous contrast between Racine and Shakespeare which has occupied so many critics for so many centuries. Of late years, however, it is tending to become less definite. French novels are being written in English, as witness Miss Cather's recent works. The latest novel of M. André Gide is French only in language; in spirit and method it belongs to the Anglo-Russian tradition. As for Mr. Green, his first book, "Avarice House," left room for doubt; it mingled the two traditions, but there can be no question that "The Closed Garden" is a French novel.

It has a Racinian quality which is not infrequently found in contemporary French literature. Like a classical tragedy, it is monochromatic and intense; it moves by a series of events and revelations, all of them inherent in the original situation, toward an inevitable disaster. Its heroine, too, is like a princess from Racine. She reminds one vaguely of Hermione or Eriphyle, and her fate is no less pitiful than theirs.

She lives in a provincial town, surrounded by a little group of creatures as somber as herself—an ogreish father, a sister dying of consumption, a self-seeking friend, a doctor who has only two years to live. Among them she finds no outlet for her bitter energy. Adrienne Mesurat is imprisoned by the details of her life, by furniture, gates, clipped linden trees, by habits of obedience and inactivity. Her story is a process of seclusion. First, her consump-

tive sister runs away. Then in a quarrel, Adrienne pushes her father down the stairs, and he dies of the fall. Her doctor, whom she loves, informs her that he can never marry. And Adrienne herself, oppressed by her total solitude, by the impossibility of living either in her own house or anywhere else, fluttering desperately like a caged bird, ends by going insane.

Racine himself might have treated a similar story, but he would have placed it in some forgotten kingdom and surrounded it with that poetry of distance which is at once his grandeur and the solace of his audience. He would have altered the details and, as it were, have rendered them digestible. When placed so near at hand, when described with such bitter clarity, they cease to be poignant and become merely painful. The characters seem even more grotesque against this immediate background. And Adrienne herself is an intolerable figure; to read her story is like standing outside a cage to watch a young osprey, its plumage lifeless, its talons broken, its perch fouled with droppings, and its eyes emptily staring at the sun.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Dragons

Dragons and Dragon Lore, by Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. 203 pages. \$3.50.

Dragon Lizards of Komodo, by Douglas Burden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 221 pages. \$3.50.

MR. INGERSOLL has written an excellent book on dragons. His style is dignified, and he has traced the history of this fabulous beast with erudition and scholarship. He finds that the dragon-conception had its first seed in Egypt and Mesopotamia, that from these two early nests of human life it spread to India, and from that country to China, where decorative artists for the last two thousand years have been striving "to embody a traditional but essentially foreign idea." In the Orient, dragons have often been associated with beneficent influences, as, for example, in their supposed control of wells, springs, and rain. It was Christianity with its genius for mythological adaptation that identified this spirited pagan creature with "the old serpent."

The development of the dragon idea is a subject so intricate, so full of contradictions, of blind ways and overlappings, that most readers will turn with relief to the detailed account that the book gives of the tastes, habits, and appearance of this superb child of man's nervous imagination. For the dragon represents the dreams of an early consciousness, the nightmare conceptions of our arboreal ancestors sleeping their uneasy sleep of life.

Little by little as we turn over these pages the creature becomes incarnate in all its eccentric splendor. At last it stands before us, this *Lung*, as the Chinese call it, whose "vital spirit lies in his eyes," whose solidified breath "makes glass," whose spittle turns to rare perfume, and whose voice is like "the jingling of copper coins."

The Chinese declare the monster to be so full of *Yang*, or heavenly virtue, that it is able to predict the advent of great and noble men. When Confucius was born it is reported "that two azure dragons came from the sky to his mother's home." There is evidence that, in the opinion of us Europeans, dragons have not always been distinguished by this excess of *Yang*. We have often found that these creatures, whose delight is in the flesh of sparrows

and swallows, can be tiresome. It appears that they are by no means content to spend *all* their days in the desert sunning their golden scales, which, in shape and uniformity, resemble those of the carp. Sometimes they, too, have a mind to be merry and will ascend "in wind or rain" to disport themselves far up in the sky. A medieval script, quoted by Frazer, records that on Midsummer Night it was the custom to burn bones and filth in order to make a foul smudge because the smoke "drove away certain noxious dragons which at the time, excited by the summer heat, copulated in the air and poisoned the wells and rivers by dropping their seed into them."

In China it has long been believed that the bones of dragons, ground into a fine powder, make a quintessential medicine. It was for this reason that, when the Central Asiatic expedition retired into the desert of Gobi, the natives concluded that they had gone in search of the remains of extinct dragons. Indeed, they called them "the men of the dragon bones," for well did these Chins wot that no mortal, whether his skin be black, red, yellow, or white, has won immunity from the evil called death.

The animals in existence today that most nearly resemble our idea of what a dragon should look like are the carnivorous lizards, the dragon lizards, of the island of Komodo in the East Indies. Rumors of these animals reached the Dutch in 1912 through certain pearl fishermen who had anchored in the harbor of the island, and P. A. Ouwens of the Zoölogical Museum of Buitenzorg, Java, procured a few specimens of them, naming them *Varanus Komodoensis*. These extraordinary reptiles, eight or nine feet in length, are wide-mouthed and voracious enough to swallow "the whole hindquarters of a boar at one gulp—hoofs, legs, hams, vertebrae and all." Mr. Burden's account of them is interesting, in spite of the fact that his book is written in that particular colloquial tone of late years so familiar to us. How these modern travelers manage to remain so provincial is more than I know. There is not a corner of the magical earth that they do not explore; they confront antediluvian monsters, and at the end of it all, there they are, giving expression to their banal reactions in the perfect language of an uninspired, limited clubman. The phrases of these men, their jests, their very thoughts, seem standardized. All of one pattern, like peas in a pod. None different. Not even their physical well-being can redeem them; they carry their unillumination wherever they go.

Mr. Burden climbs upon a high mountain and writes: "I felt like Balboa on some lofty peak in Darien." I shall quote one or two more sentences: "A fiery dragon in itself is a fascinating idea—so, also, is the thought of a beautiful white-skinned maiden." "After months of an indolent life, the first day in the field is always a hard one. However, we had some beer on board so that 'a sun-downer' soon revived me." When he arrives at Komodo with his attractive wife (we are privileged to see photographs of her in the garden of Raffles Hotel, Singapore; in her charming kimono on the way to breakfast somewhere in China; and standing with her shapely foot—in a conventionally insensitive manner—upon a beautiful dolphin-like fish that she has killed) he suffers from the ennui of soul that so often besets rich men as soon as the objective to which they have been striving is reached. With ingenuous candor he confesses to this mood of spiritual lassitude. "Although we had traveled halfway around the world and were now in sight of our destination, yet we seemed to take the matter quite for granted, and, after

leisurely observing the arid slopes of Komodo, we returned with surprising equanimity to our books. . . . Well, here we are. What now? It is the endless perversity of human nature that makes it so." The endless perversity of some human natures, Mr. Douglas Burden, but not of all.
LLEWELYN POWYS.

Five Woman Poets

Color of Water, by Marjorie Meeker. New York: Brentano's. 62 pages. \$1.50.

Wind Out of Betelgeuse, by Margaret Todd Ritter. New York: The Macmillan Company. 95 pages. \$1.25.

The Wheel in Midsummer, by Janet Lewis. Lynn, Mass.: The Lone Gull. 25 pages. \$.75.

Sea-Drinking Cities, by Josephine Pinckney. New York: Harper and Brothers. 86 pages. \$.2.

Penny-Show, by Mary Carolyn Davies. New York: Henry Harrison. 96 pages. \$.2.

FOR an incipient poet merely to imitate a major contemporary is in itself no more creative, of course, than to cling to past traditions. Potentially, however, the former is of greater importance, because, entering a room of thought and feeling to which the door of general acceptance is still open, he is free to leave again and bring back whatever he will of his own, while, in the latter case, he finds himself imprisoned in a consciousness already locked and sealed by long usage. It is interesting to notice, therefore, how many of our women lyricists are coming more and more under the influence of Elinor Wylie, Louise Bogan, Léonie Adams, H. D., and Edna Millay.

In the case of Marjorie Meeker, the sensuous spirituality of her sensibilities and the grace and melody of her music recall Léonie Adams. Occasionally one finds more closely woven, harder, tighter lines that bring Louise Bogan to mind, and as one reads her sonnets at the close of the book, Edna Millay is similarly remembered. But the fusion of all these elements should result in something significantly her own as soon as her technical skill catches up with her emotional capacities, which seem thin and adulterate at times, though only, perhaps, because their very intensity is susceptible to the temptation of justifying a poem by a single good stanza or by melody alone.

If she could achieve a more sustained originality of phrasing without losing the fluency of her music, and if, without marring the delicacy of her feelings, she could widen her capacity for vigorous imagery, she could undoubtedly make a place for herself; even though, as she says:

This is the ancient irony of words
That they, the light, the free, the proudly spoken,
More perilous and bright than naked swords
Should fall in rust and be each one the token
Of musty memory obscure and broken.

The imprint of the major feminine poets is also to be detected in Margaret Todd Ritter's second volume, "Wind Out of Betelgeuse," but only to the advantage of the former, in this case. Though it bespeaks their permanency to be already assimilated by the language of uncreative thought, Miss Ritter has thinned and mitigated their vigorous effects without the justification of having something of her own to say.

Stripped of a sweet and pretty rhetoric, espousing the single adjective, the short brief phrase, and the tight

PLOTS FOR WRITERS

SOURCE MATERIAL

TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS

Compiled by
George W. Saunders

1050 pages, octavo size, of interesting sketches of early cowboys and their experiences on the range and on the trail, written by the men themselves. Material for many stories and books of real merit. The plot for "North of 36" was taken from this book.

PRICE
\$5.00

LIFE OF BILLY DIXON

PLAINSMAN—SCOUT—PIONEER

PRICE
\$3.00

Illustrated 9vo

By Olive K. Dixon

An authentic story of the old frontier. A thrilling story, detailing the historic Indian battles at Adobe Walls and Buffalo Wallow. This is a true story of the early days in the Texas Panhandle.

THE MEXICAN SIDE OF THE TEXAN REVOLUTION

By the chief Mexican participants—Generals Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Vicente Filisola, Jose Urrea, Jose Maria Tornel (Secretary of War), Martinez Caro (Private Secretary of Santa Anna). Translated with notes by Carlos E. Casteneda, Latin-American Librarian, University of Texas.

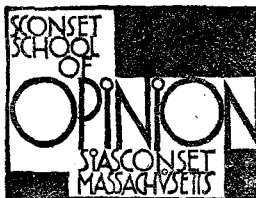
PRICE
\$5.00

P. L. TURNER CO.

PUBLISHERS

P. O. Box 746—DALLAS, TEXAS

SUMMER PLACE



A SUMMER SCHOOL OF PSYCHOLOGY

Life, Vocation, Human Relations

Lectures Study Groups
Informal Discussions

SPEAKERS—ALEXANDER MEIKLE-JOHN, J. B. WATSON, HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS, WILL DURANT, HARRY E. BARNES, M. T. ADLER, EVERETT DEAN MARTIN, EDWIN POWERS, and others.

SEA BATHING, GOLF, TENNIS, DANCING
THE SUMMER PLACE YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR
RATES MODERATE, REFERENCES REQUESTED

SCONSET SUMMER SCHOOL
Siasconset, Mass.

IVY LEE, *publicist, student of public opinion, and adviser to great business interests, has made the kind of trip to Russia that you would like to make and presents the facts about Russia you would like to know in this new book*

PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA

by Ivy Lee

What is really happening in Russia? How is the country being run and how do the people live? What is the new system of marriage and divorce? Are the children being educated—or fed? Can trade or any kind of relations with the Soviet state be developed?

Such are the questions Mr. Lee has set up and answered from a frankly capitalistic viewpoint. His conclusions are of value to every American citizen.

"Now I have got something that is really useful. It explains things; it gives me what I have long wanted—an objective account of how things are done."—*J. Ramsay Macdonald, former Prime Minister of Great Britain.*

"The author writes entertainingly. The amount of information that was secured in so brief a visit is astonishing."—*Boston Transcript.*

Order from your book dealer, \$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK

TRIVIAL BREATH, Elinor Wylie's new book of poems, is compact of beauty, tenderness, and wit. It comes as a cool oasis in the arid desert of many books. It is appealing to all who love letters, all who take an interest in modern poetry, all who wish to enter for a moment an enchanted land. Just two quotations, the first stanza from "Innocent Landscape":

Here is no peace, although the air has fainted,
And footfalls die and are buried in deep grass,
And reverential trees are softly painted
Like saints upon an oriel of grass.

and this, to show a different manner, from "Miranda's Supper":

A pair of cameos clasp her throat,
Wherein Psyche, pink and cream,
Slim-handed slants the candle-beam.
On Cupid, swooning in carnelian;
Such trifles are antique Italian.

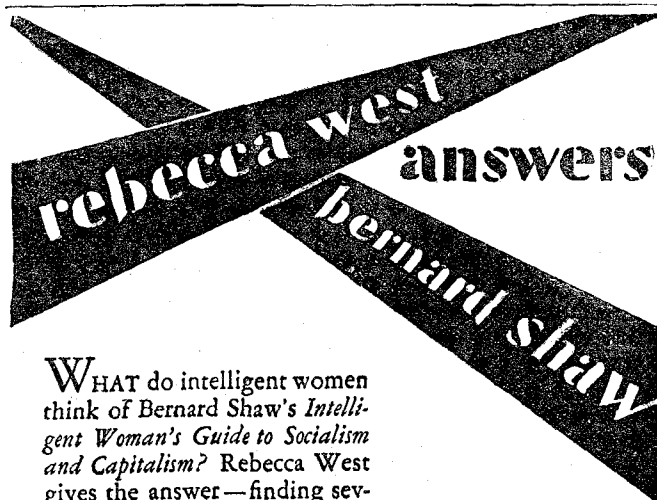
TRIVIAL BREATH, by ELINOR WYLIE
Designed and made by the Pynson Printers.
\$2.50

Also by Elinor Wylie:
"The Orphan Angel" and
"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard"

ALFRED A. KNOPF



PUBLISHER, N.Y.



WHAT do intelligent women think of Bernard Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*? Rebecca West gives the answer—finding several vulnerable spots in a mere man's diagnosis of what is wrong with the present world, exposing them with a lively wit.

* * * * *

Also: SURPRISE PARTY
A Story by VIÑA DELMAR
(Author of "Bad Girl")
CARICATURE—The Life and Death of
Hans Stengel. By Marcus Goodrich.
THE MOVIES AND THE Highbrows—
By Montgomery Evans, 2nd.

The
July

BOOKMAN
386 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y.
Single Copy 50¢.. By the Year \$5 .. Two Years \$7
ON YOUR STAND NOW

clipped stanza, Miss Ritter's lyrics, because they lack any really vital content, are very much like photographed metal, or, more accurately, like a smooth-edged fragment of unpliant slate.

That the re-creation of language is, therefore, not only a matter of words and depends equally on a new and fresh visualization, is well illustrated by the exquisite chamber music of Janet Lewis' little volume, "The Wheel in Midsummer," which achieves most of its delightful effects by an association of ideas and images too subtly imperceptible to be due merely to an obvious adherence to the limiting theories of the imagists. A slender book, offering no more than twenty short poems, it contains a wealth of irresistible beauty which asserts itself with quiet surety. Fluid as water, it contains, nevertheless, scarcely a single superfluous line, and, though as effortless as

The great white lilac bloom
Scented with days to come,

it has the restraint and precision of an H. D., imbued with the spirit of a Robert Frost. And after reading this little volume of Miss Lewis', every page of which exhales the breath of northern midsummer, one turns perhaps with a too-critical eye to Miss Pinckney's "Sea-Drinking Cities."

In attempting to capture the atmosphere of the South, Miss Pinckney also manifests a talent for the detached objectivity in which women are gradually achieving success. But she is as yet too experimental really to have mastered the difficult art of applying a poet's tools to a painter's materials. Some of her portraits have a nice deftness and keen insight. "On the Shelf" shows a fresh and delightful wit; and there are phrases and lines scattered through the whole book which reveal a genuine feeling for landscape and atmosphere. But most of her descriptive passages are too photographic and detailed and literal, so that no whole poem is sustained and cumulatively suggestive enough to facilitate in the mind of the reader that imperceptible transition from the denotative picture to the connotative—the only way in which a poet can escape from the camera to actual brush and canvas.

The gradual abandonment by modern feminine poets of the moon-struck attitudes of the past is also apparent in the prolific verse of Mary Carolyn Davies, who calls her thirteenth volume "Penny-Show." One cannot, of course, take very seriously such insipidities as this:

Some have a night
Some a year,
Some have longer
Still, my dear.

But though she seems to imitate the least important and most insignificant feature of Edna Millay, her gay and flippant attitude toward the traditionally tragic and wistful and forlorn sweeps us still farther away from the demodé Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes and all the older preconceived notions of what poetesses should feel and think about.

MARCIA NARDI.

Contributors

FREDERIC NELSON is an editorial writer on The Hartford Times.
MALCOLM COWLEY has translated several books from the French and is an essayist and poet.
LLEWELYN POWYS is the author of "Black Laughter," "Ebony and Ivory," and other books.
MARCIA NARDI is a contributor of verse and criticism to magazines.